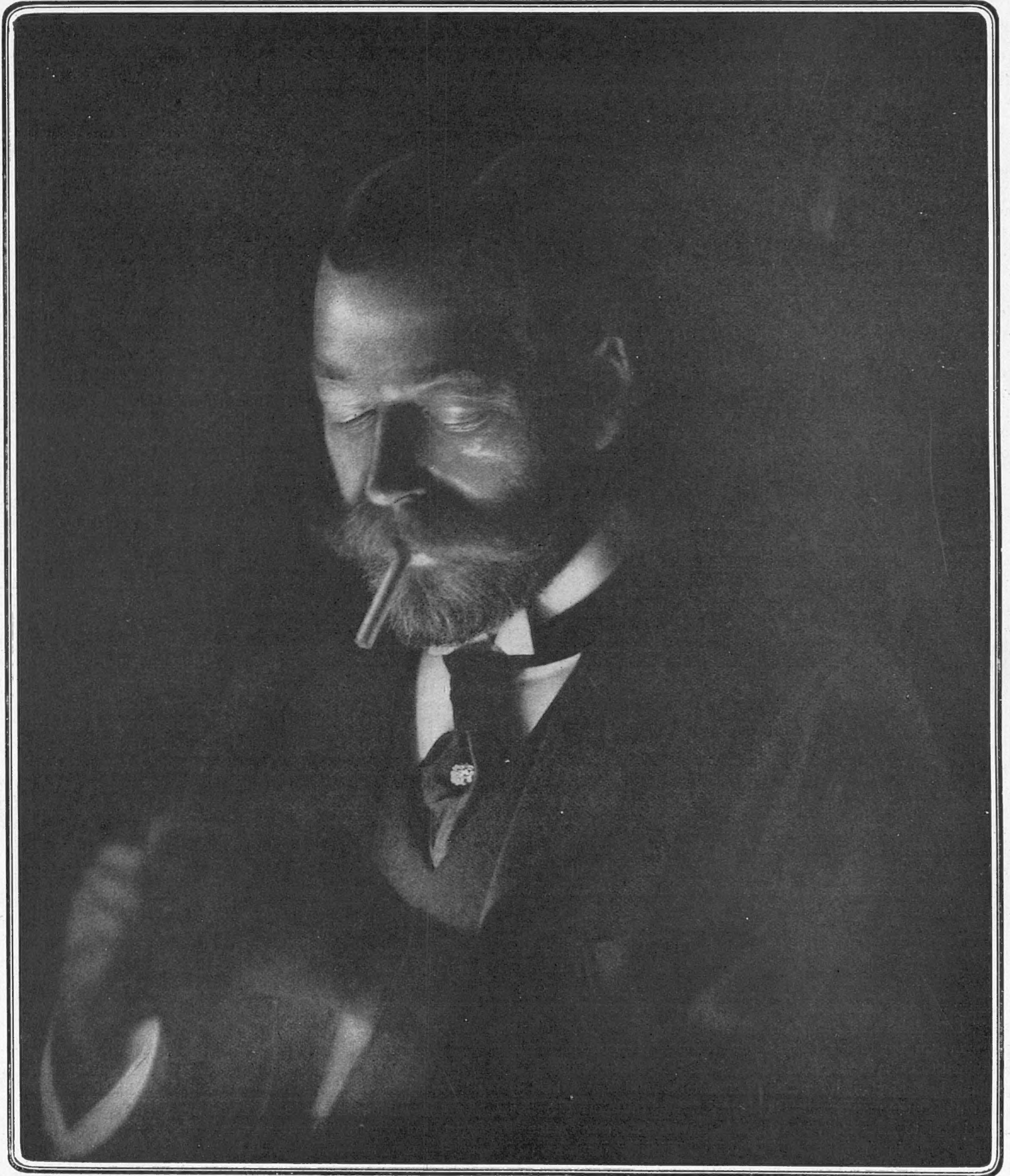


# The Sketch

No. 903.—Vol. LXX.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1910.

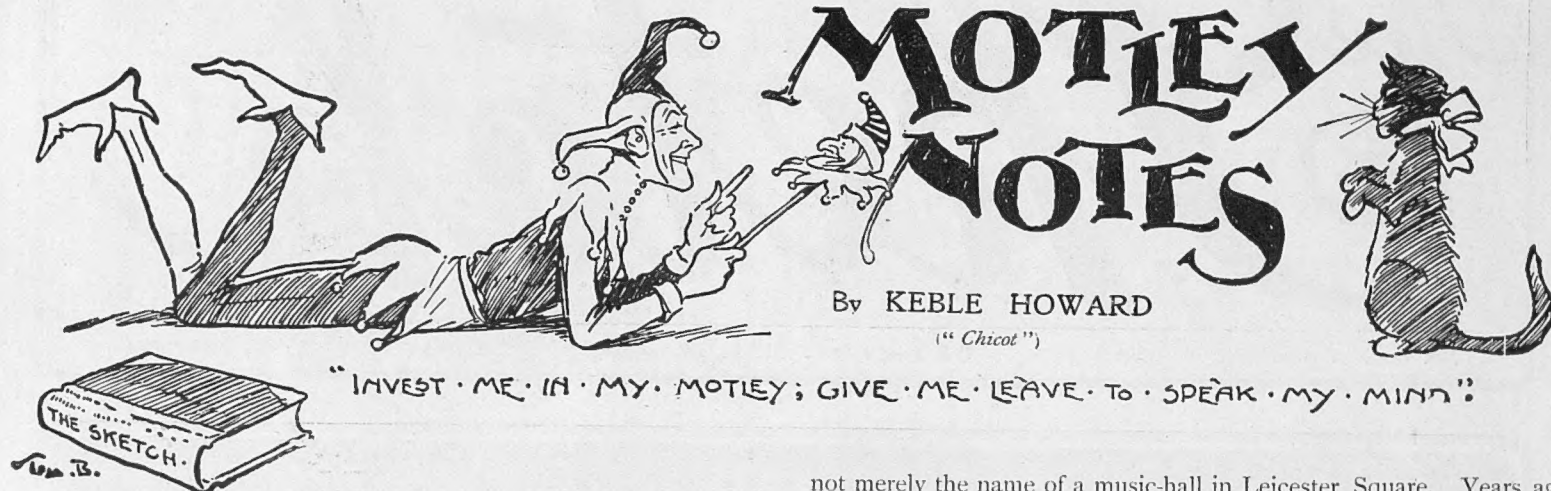
SIXPENCE.



THE KING AS SMOKER: HIS MAJESTY LIGHTS A CIGARETTE.

King George the Fifth, who is shown in our illustration in the act of lighting a cigarette, is not by any means so heavy a smoker as his father, who was rarely seen, on unofficial occasions, without a cigar between his lips. It will be remembered that soon after his late Majesty's death it was declared that King Edward "had what is known as a smoker's throat, and this and the congestion and thickening due to this cause, combined with the loss of elasticity in the lungs, made it increasingly difficult for him to clear his chest." Doubts have since been cast upon this suggestion that his love for smoking was in any way connected with the death of the late King, and it has been pointed out that 80 per cent. of adult males in this country suffer from "smoker's throat," which is a purely local irritation caused by tobacco smoke or strain, and, indeed, is quite frequently met with in public singers and speakers who are not addicted to excessive smoking.—[Photograph supplied by S. T. Beckett.]





### The Green Leaves in St. James's Park.

The white blinds of Buckingham Palace are still drawn down; the royal standard still floats half-mast high. But turn your face for a moment from this spectacle of majestic gloom, and you will find that Nature has at last doffed the mourning-garb of Winter. Every tree is putting forth a luxuriance of tender green leaves; the early flowers are bursting into blossom; the water, so black and dull for many months, sparkles once again in the sunshine of May. We cannot help ourselves; we must take our cue from Nature. It is good that we should grieve for the loss of a King; it is better still that we should grieve for the loss of a friend: but Nature, of her wisdom, sets a term to our mourning. When we tell her that the King is dead, she replies that he has completed his allotted portion of work. When we tell her that we shall never look upon his face again, she replies that he will live in our memories and in the history of our country. When we tell her that we could ill spare so wise a monarch, she replies that his influence will remain, whilst his wisdom he has bequeathed to his son, George the Fifth. We have no more to say. The last word is always with Nature. It is now our duty to raise our heads, and consider bravely the outlook for England.

### George the Fifth's Friends.

What do we know of George the Fifth? Very little, as compared with our knowledge of his father when he came to the throne. But everything that we do know of his public life shows that he possesses in the highest degree that absolutely essential quality for a successful king—a sense of kingship. Let nobody imagine that George the Fifth will be content to be regarded as a mere figure-head. If you think that, you have gleaned nothing in all these years of the character of the man. If he makes friends in fewer quantities than his father, it is because he has deliberately wrapped about him that cloak of majestic reserve that none can wear so worthily, or to such good purpose, as a king. I was asked the other day whether I could name the intimate personal friends of the new King. I am bound to say that I thought the question a shallow one, for there cannot be a child in the Empire who does not know that the intimate personal friends of the new King are his wife and children. And here is a fact that is fraught with tremendous importance for this country. The Court takes its note from the King, Society from the Court, and the People from Society in all its varying grades. The home life, the fount of England's greatness, will be still more in favour during the present reign.

### The End of the Siesta.

Not for one moment do I mean to imply that the late King was lacking in the instincts of domesticity. Everybody knows that the exact contrary was the case, and King George, in his first utterance as King, told us that, in losing his father, he had also lost a friend. No man can pay to his father a finer tribute. But circumstances combined to make the reign of Edward the Seventh something of a prolonged national holiday. The inevitable and quite healthy reaction after the many sorrows and anxieties of the Boer War had a good deal to do with it, and the national desire for gaiety found further excuse in the naturally joyous and "sporting" disposition of the King himself. We told ourselves that London was beginning to be the playground of the world, and we seemed to have a sort of idea that there was nothing for us to do but play in it. Our new King, I think, will remind us that London is something more than a playground, that England is something more than a quaint little island for the amusement of globe-trotters, that the Empire is

not merely the name of a music-hall in Leicester Square. Years ago he urged us to wake up; now that he is in the supreme position, I fully expect him to see to it that we do wake up. Nor shall we be awake one moment too soon.

### The King as Stage-Manager.

During these past few days, I have been thinking a good deal of a scene that I was privileged to witness on the twenty-third of April last in St. Paul's Cathedral. The day, of course, was St. George's Day, and, by the courtesy of my friend Lieut. Mackenzie Rogan, of the Coldstream Guards, I was permitted to attend the service for the members of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Our new King was present as the Grand Master of the Order, and from my place in the little gallery alongside the organ I was able to observe him very closely. The Members of the Order had their places under the Dome, the Grand Master's seat being in front of all, and a few yards back from the steps of the Choir. To the right of the Grand Master's seat, and at right angles to it, was a small, unostentatious pew; this was presently occupied, as simply as though they were taking their places in the little church at Sandringham, by the present Queen Mary and two of the young Princes. The procession up the cathedral, with the choir singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" to Sullivan's setting, accompanied by the organ and the full band of the Coldstream Guards, all the Officers of the Order in their uniform following, was so effective as to be absolutely affecting. And the ceremony which had begun with such impressive pomp ended on a note of the most charming simplicity. The Prince left his seat, all the officers remaining in their places. He was joined by the Princess, the young Princes falling in behind. In this order, and almost unattended, the little party walked the full length of the cathedral and disappeared. I was so struck with what I may call quite reverently the stage-management of the affair that I asked afterwards to whom the credit should be assigned. "This is the first year that the service has been held in that way," was the reply. "In former years, the whole service was held in St. George's Chapel. It was the Prince's own wish that it should be done in this way, and he was personally responsible for the arrangement." I was astonished, for nobody could have supposed that he was not perfectly familiar with every detail of the new order of service. Truly, a king must have many qualities and many sides. I wonder whether there is ever more than one man at one time in the kingdom who could undertake the duties with hope of success?

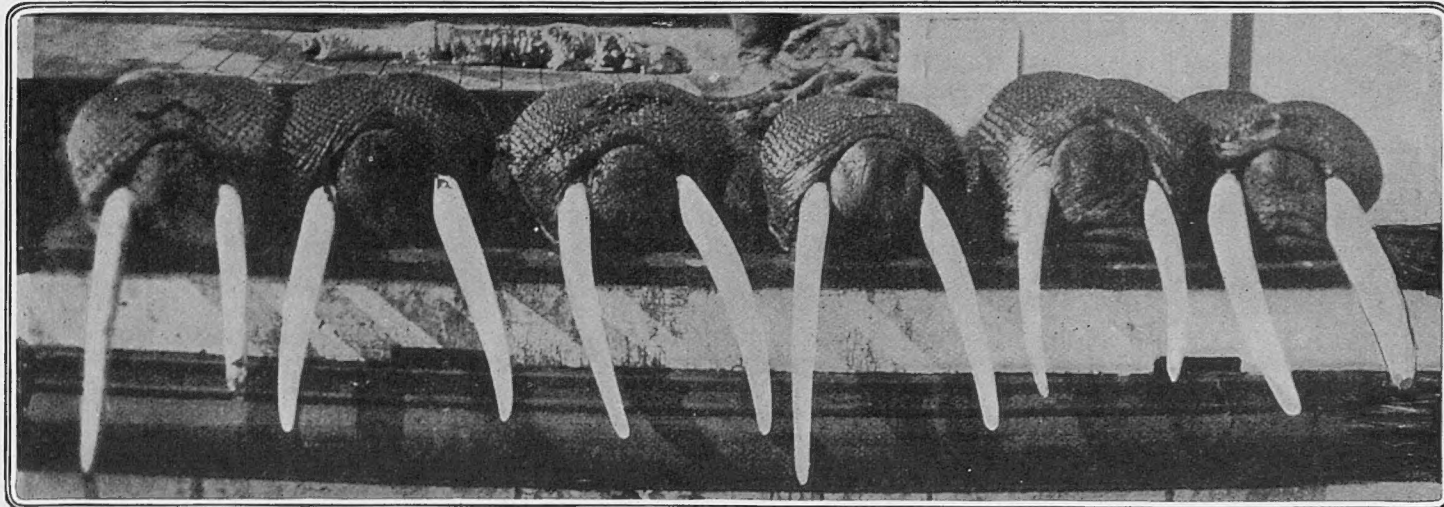
### His Two Great Passions.

It is always interesting to speculate upon the private life, private thoughts, and private character of a King. He is necessarily so hedged about with Ministers and officials that the great public have very little knowledge of the human man. They know his pictures; they see him unveiling a statue or riding in a procession. That is something, but they would dearly love to know what he himself thinks of it all. Well, we need be in little doubt, I fancy, as to what King George the Fifth "thinks of it all." He has done enough and said enough to show that there are in his life two great passions—his country and his family. I deliberately place his country first, for the King, by a queer twist of circumstance, is the one man in a free country whose life is not his own to employ as he chooses. He is the servant of the public over which he rules; there is no sacrifice but one that they may not demand of him. This is a thing that should never be overlooked by any of us. And there is one other: a loyal public makes a good king. The public should never be chary of its loyalty to the Crown, never miss an opportunity of demonstrating it, for thus only can the gulf be bridged that divides a King from his People.



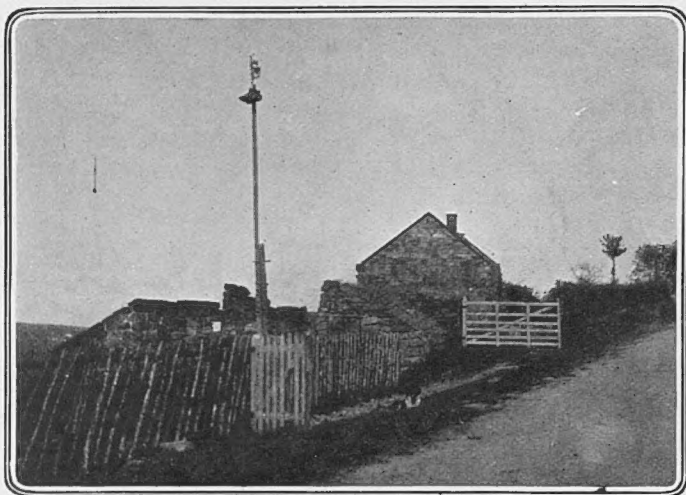


## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!

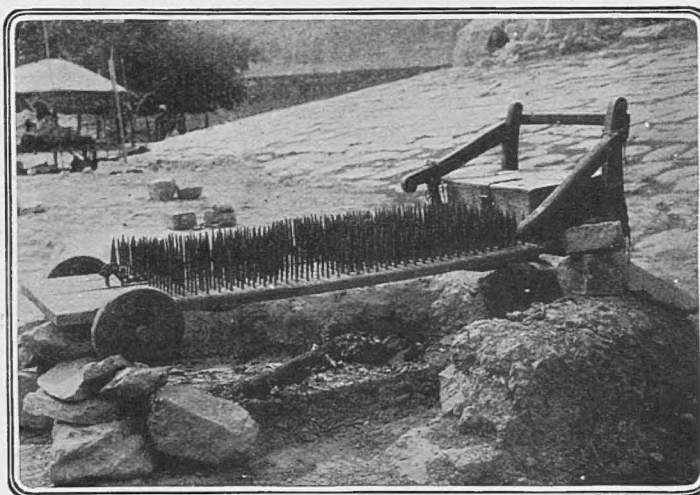


THE HUNTING OF THE "WHALE HORSE": A BAG OF WALRUS CAUGHT IN ALASKA, SHOWING THE FINE TUSKS.

The walrus is hunted for three things—its blubber, which yields good oil; its skin, which is turned into thick, durable leather; and its tusks, the ivory of which, although coarse-grained, is so compact that it is of considerable value.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

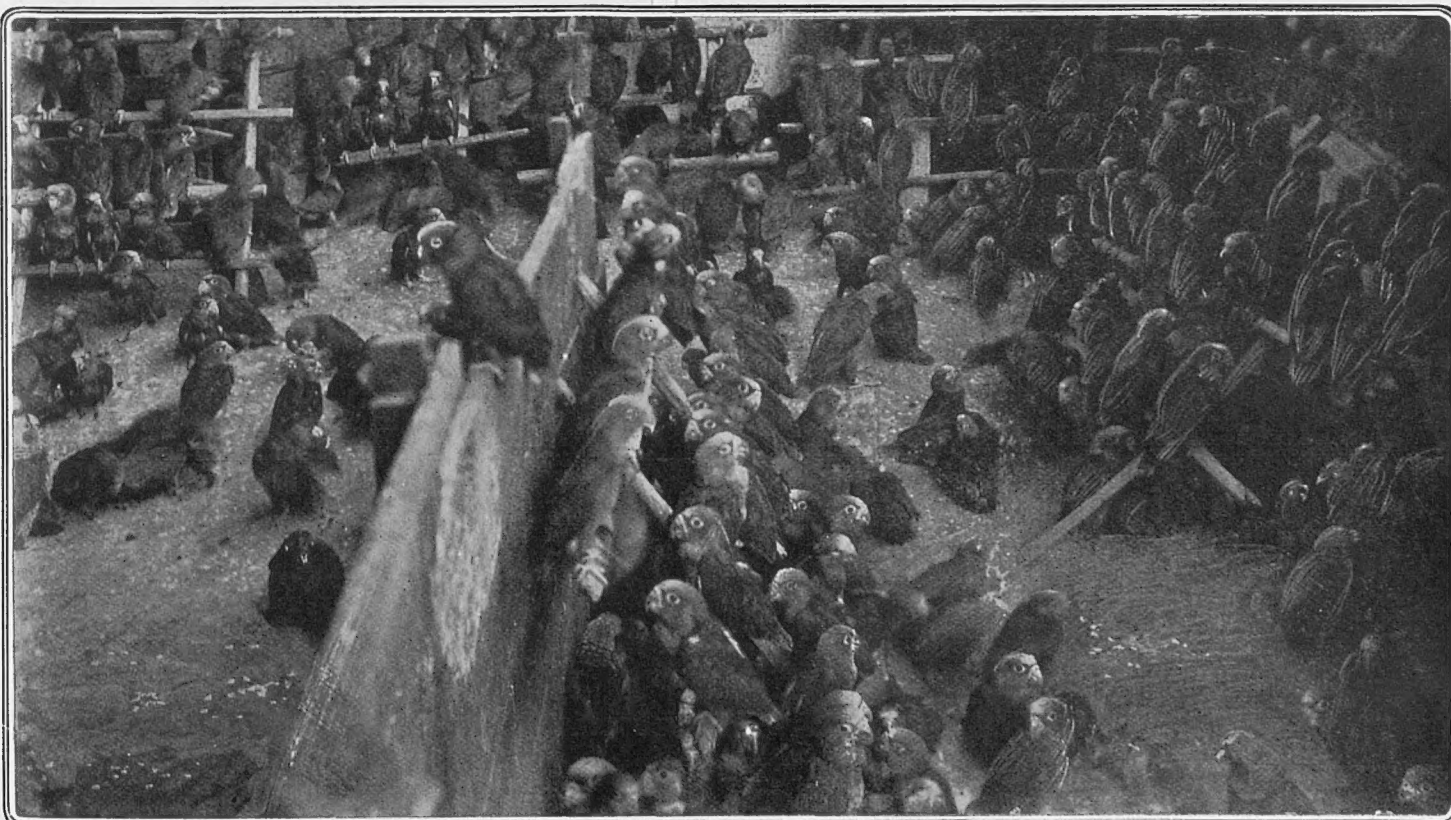


GREATER LUCK-BRINGERS THAN THE SHOE ON MR. GRAHAME-WHITE'S BIPLANE? BOOTS HUNG ON A POLE DURING A YORKSHIRE WEDDING. When Mr. Grahame-White essayed to fly from London to Manchester on Wednesday fortnight last, a lady's shoe, sent to him as a mascot, was attached to his biplane. It is to be hoped that the boots hung up to bring luck to the "happy pair" proved of more value than Mr. Grahame-White's shoe.—[Photograph by Bolak.]



BY NO MEANS A BED OF ROSES: THE SPIKED COUCH, DESIGNED TO BE A PLACE OF "REST" FOR A HINDOO FAKIR.

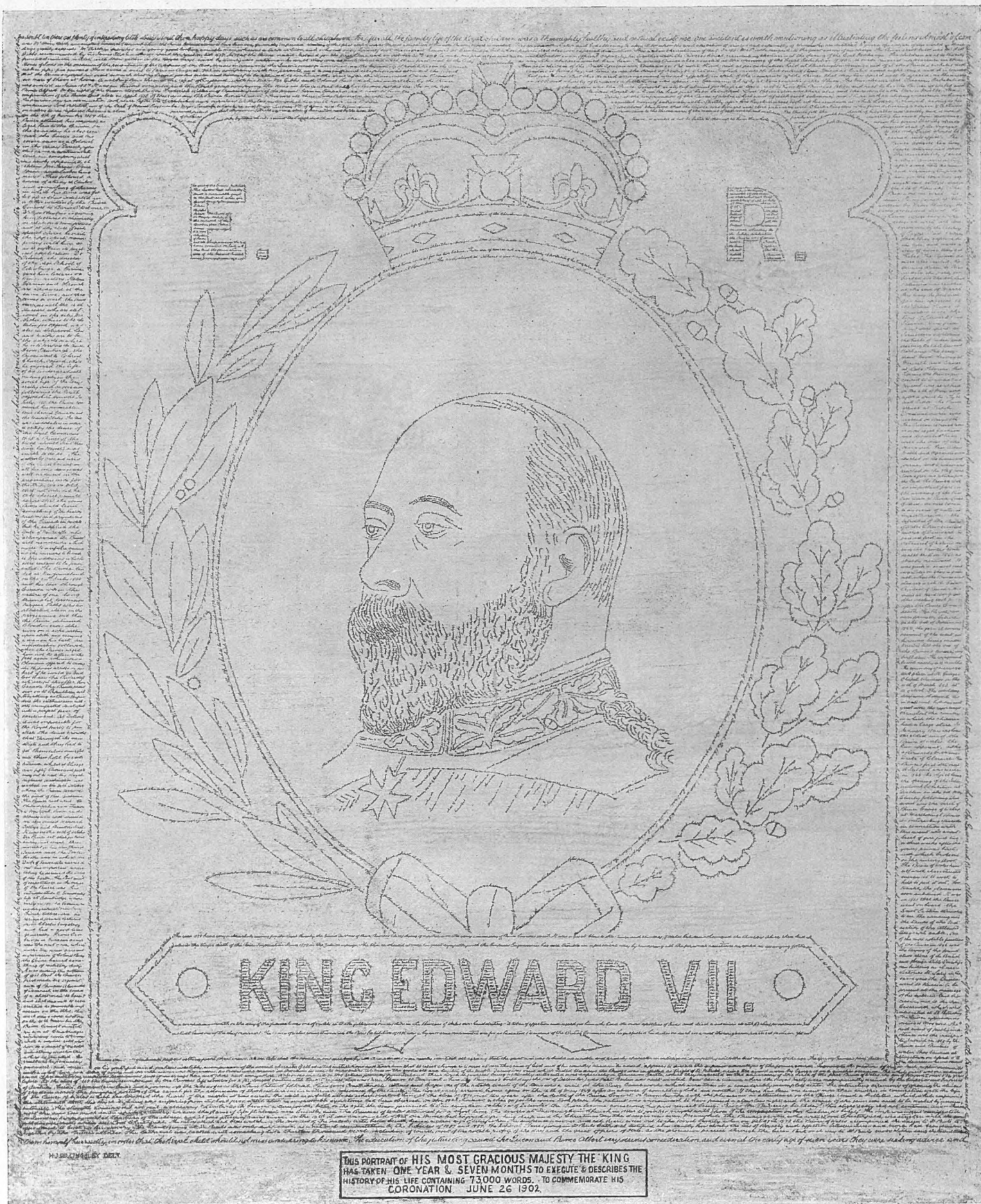
Such beds as these are to be seen, especially during the great religious festival held at the beginning of each year, in Allahabad. Fakirs use them to prove their piety, and incidentally, it is to be feared, to aid them in the winning of small coins from the devout.—[Photograph by A. D. Imms.]



A MARKET THAT WAS "CORNERED" BY DEATH: SOME OF 5000 PARROTS CAUGHT IN MEXICO FOR SALE IN THE UNITED STATES. A dealer in Mexico tried not long ago to "corner" the parrot market by buying every bird brought in by hunters. He purchased about five thousand. Almost all of them died on his hands before he could sell. Thus he was "cornered" by death.—[Photograph by H. H. Dunn.]



# A 73,000 WORD HISTORY OF KING EDWARD'S LIFE— AS A PORTRAIT.

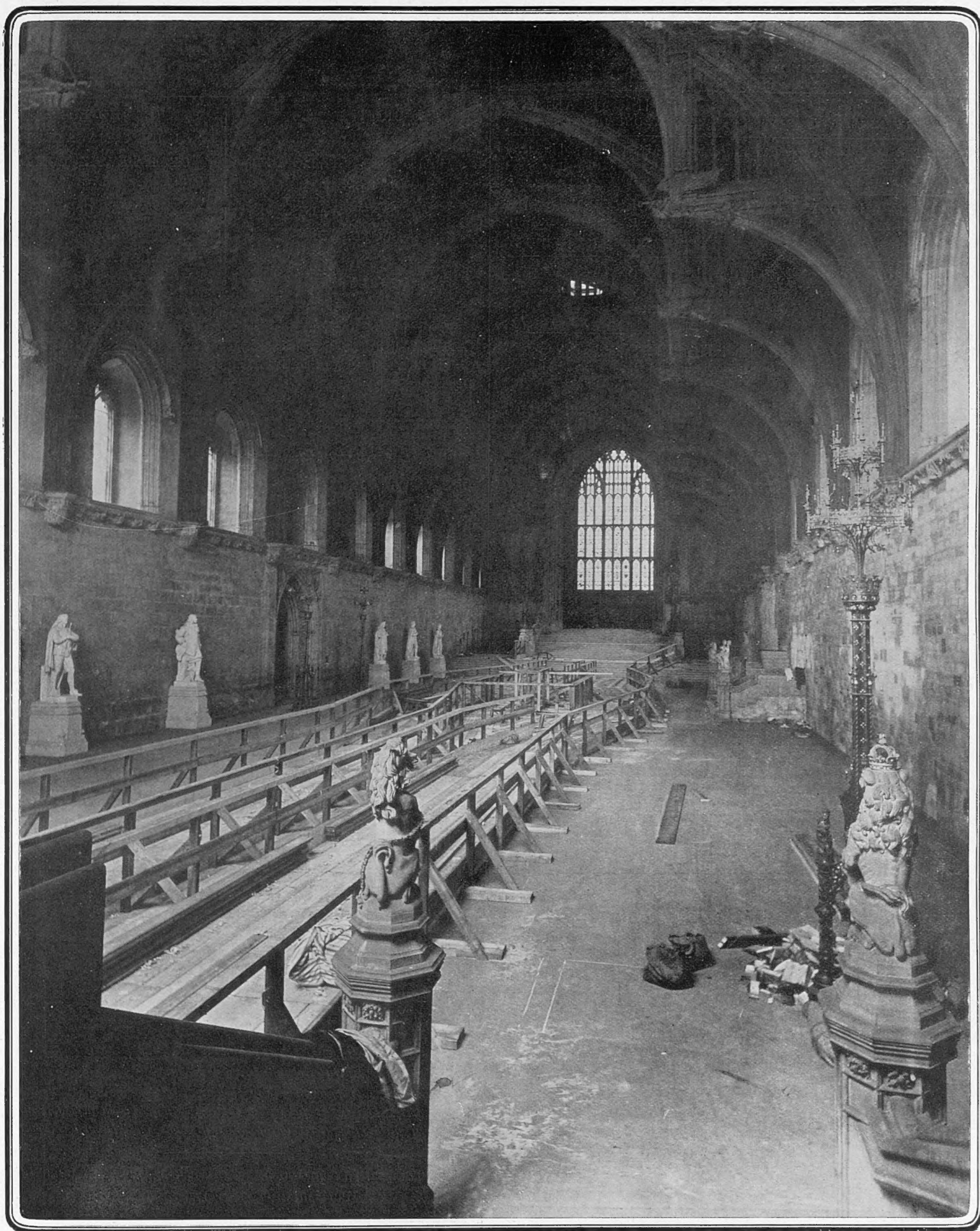


KING EDWARD VII.—A PORTRAIT OF HIS LATE MAJESTY MADE OUT OF 73,000 WRITTEN WORDS.

This very remarkable portrait of the late King is made up of 73,000 written words describing his late Majesty's life up to the time of the Coronation. It was written by Mr. H. J. Billingsley, and took one year and seven months to execute.



## THE LYING-IN-STATE OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.



PREPARING WESTMINSTER HALL FOR THE SAD CEREMONY: CONSTRUCTING THE RESTING-PLACE  
FOR KING EDWARD'S BODY AND THE BARRIERS BY WHICH THE PUBLIC ARE TO PASS.

It was officially arranged that the body of King Edward, after being conveyed yesterday (Tuesday) to Westminster Hall, should there lie in state till Friday morning, and that the public should be freely admitted on Tuesday from 4 to 10 p.m., and from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. to-day (Wednesday) and to-morrow. Visitors are to enter by St. Stephen's Porch, opposite St. Margaret's Church, and leave by New Palace Yard. It was thought likely that Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary and Princess Victoria would be present in Westminster Hall on the arrival of the coffin, together with the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, and Members of the two Houses of Parliament. A short service was arranged to take place on its arrival, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London officiating. It was also arranged that the King's Company of the Grenadiers should mount guard over the coffin. Westminster Hall is one of the most ancient of our public buildings. It was originally built by William Rufus, and many historic scenes have taken place within its walls.—[Photograph by Thiele]



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Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be  
fully titled.

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Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—  
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**SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.**—The Editor will be glad to consider  
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**GENERAL NOTICES.**—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to  
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their  
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,  
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs  
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be  
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the  
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of  
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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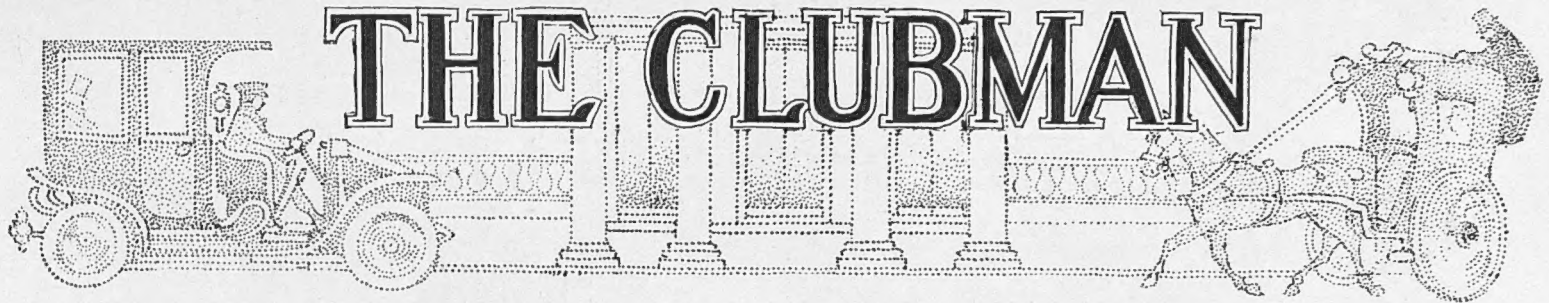
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### King Edward as a Clubman.

The late King was a clubman in that highest sense of the word which implies kindness and graciousness and sociability. He liked to gather pleasant people around him, and, without ever losing dignity, he placed

at their ease all people with whom he came into contact in club life. He loved the life of clubs because it gave him an opportunity of talking without unnecessary ceremony to men with whom he wished to chat concerning the lighter as well as the serious sides of his varied life. The Marlborough in Pall Mall was a club of his creating. When Prince of Wales he liked to have a club consisting of his own personal friends into which he could stroll at any time, sure to find there the men with whom he wished to exchange ideas. When he ascended the Throne his club life practically ended, though when at Newmarket he lived in the rooms of the Jockey Club at the headquarters of racing, and he was fond of sitting on the lawn of the Squadron during Cowes week.

**His Clubs Abroad.** Many little clubs at the various cure-places abroad to which King Edward went for his holiday owe their prosperity to his patronage. His late Majesty, always fond of exercise, encouraged golf both at Homburg and at Marienbad. At Homburg the golf course is in the park, and hurdles amongst the trees serve as bunkers. The white chalet which serves as a club house has always been a pleasant meeting-place for the pleasant people of all nations who take their cure at the springs. But the fact that King Edward used to drink tea there of an afternoon gave it its pre-eminence amongst all the golf clubs of the continent. When his late Majesty first went to Marienbad there were but the commencements of links upon the hills which surround the town. The first club house was a tiny shed surrounded by very large banners. The King liked to walk round the links with some personal friend, and to drink tea at the little club house afterwards. Golf at once became a fashionable game at Marienbad, and the shed grew almost at once into a pavilion. The Biarritz golf club also thrived greatly when the King gave it his patronage, and at Cannes the members both of the golf club at La Napoule and of the Cercle Nautique regretted very earnestly and very sincerely that the King found the air of the Atlantic moresuitable than the softer breezes of the Mediterranean.

### Grief in the Clubs.

There is a strong note of personal grief and individual loss in all the clubs of Piccadilly, and St. James's and Pall Mall. When Queen Victoria passed away the feeling shown was grief at the loss of an august sovereign, but the

grief to-day is more of the character of that felt at the loss of a personal friend. King Edward's activities were so great, he took an interest in so many charities and philanthropic enterprises and sports and amusements, that there is scarcely any man in the higher club life, any man of standing in the professions or Services, or who is prominent in any sport or has taken the lead in any form of amusement, who has not been permitted at some time to meet and talk with the late King. The talk of clubmen during the

past week has been all of the gracious acts and the gracious works of the dead King. Every man had some reminiscence of a kind word said or an amiable deed done by the monarch who has passed away. There probably never has been a King of England so beloved as our late King was, a great gentleman who never made an enemy, but turned into a friend everyone, rich or poor, English or foreign, Monarchist or Republican, with whom he came into contact.

### "The Uncle of Europe."

The French, always quick to find a nickname for anyone they like, christened King Edward "The Uncle of Europe." It was a tribute to his warm heart and cool head and un-failing tact. Now that the Uncle of Europe has passed away, it is difficult to see whence the conciliating influence amongst the sovereigns of Europe is to come. The Emperor of Austria is very old, and his hands on the reins of State are already growing weak. When the hour comes and he also passes over the "river of

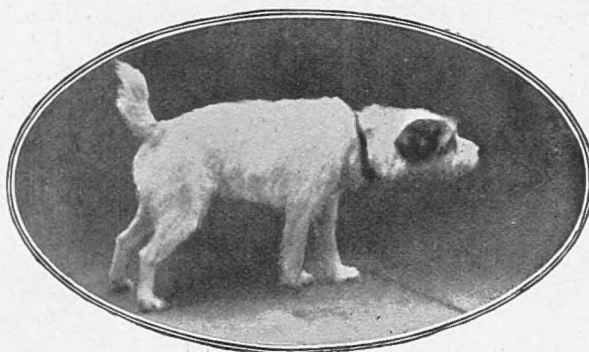
silence," the Kaiser will be the doyen of the rulers of the great States of Europe. Such grey-beards as will remain amongst crowned heads will be found in the Balkan States, but every kingdom and empire in northern and southern Europe will have as its ruler quite a young man. The German Emperor is fond of appearing in new rôles. Will he, instead of being looked upon by many as the firebrand of Europe, accept the new character which will be offered him and become the sage councillor and the keeper of peace between kings?



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S FAVOURITE SISTER REACHES LONDON FOR THE FUNERAL OF HIS LATE MAJESTY: THE EMPRESS MARIE OF RUSSIA DRIVING FROM VICTORIA TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE, AFTER HAVING COME IN HASTE FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

The Dowager-Empress of Russia and the Grand-Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, brother and representative of the Tsar, reached London on Wednesday of last week. They were met at Victoria Station by King George, Queen Mary, the Duke of Cornwall, and his brother, Prince Albert.

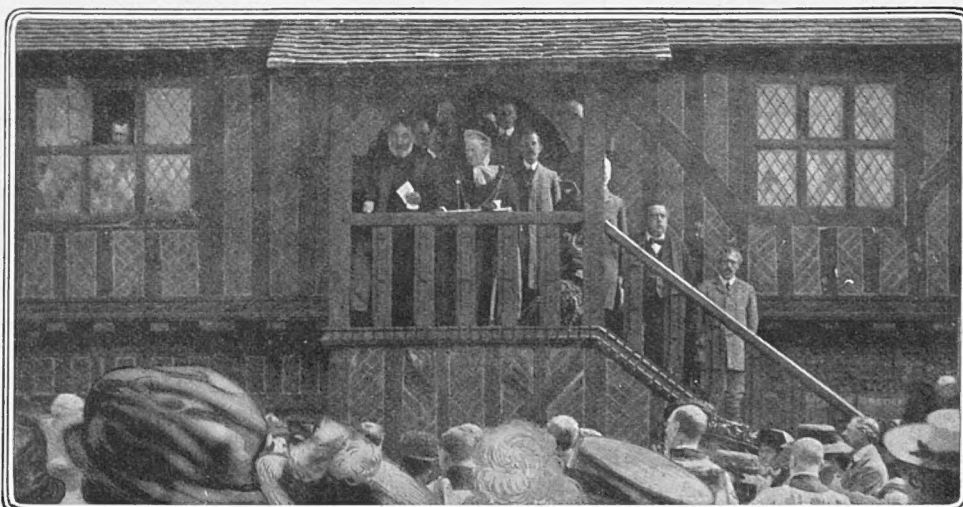
Photograph by W. G. P.



MASTERLESS: KING EDWARD'S FAVOURITE TERRIER, CÆSAR.

Cæsar was so great a favourite of His Majesty's that he was seen with King Edward on many occasions.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE PROCLAMATION OF KING GEORGE READ BY A LADY: DR. ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON, THE ONLY WOMAN MAYOR IN ENGLAND, ANNOUNCING THE ACCESSION OF HIS MAJESTY AT ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

Photograph by Clarke and Son.



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK

## THE ROMANES LECTURE.

(Mr. Roosevelt's lecture at Oxford bears the appalling title, "Biological Analogies in History.")

Mr. Roosevelt has a weapon which is worth a dozen rifles,  
And is really, with a minimum of flattery,  
More effective than an army of such airy little trifles  
As an elephant or camel mounted battery.

For when hunting lions or tigers in the wilds of far Uganda  
It was just as well that Kermit seldom missed, or he  
Would alleviate the bungle by declaiming in the jungle  
Biological Analogies in History.

And the death-producing manuscript is just as greatly prized  
As a method of creating a sensation  
Among those Western nations which are highly civilised,  
And sluggish in awarding an ovation.

For when he visits Germany, 'tis certain that the Kaiser  
Will be wise to speak no word of maily-fist, or he  
Will crush him in advance with the chapter upon France  
In Biological Analogies in History.



The Marquess of Northampton, talking of missionaries, said that he thought the time was not far distant when we might see them flying through the air on aeroplanes in those parts of the world in which no missionary had yet been able to go. Is this quite sportsman-like? It seems almost

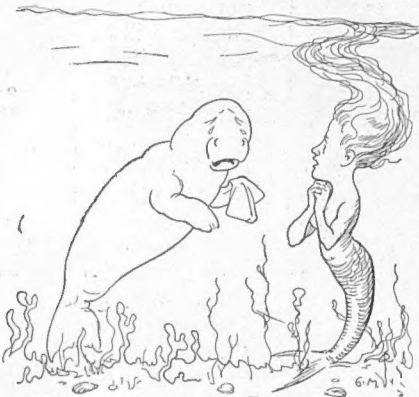
too much of a handicap for our old friend the Cassowary on the plains of Timbuctoo.

The duel between the Comte de Lesseps and the Comte de Poligny ended badly. It was quite in order that their sabres should "play on each other like lightning in the sky of a summer evening," and that in three rounds with pistols the bullets should "whistle within a fraction of an inch of their heads." But, when all these means had failed, the adversaries refused to exchange the Fatal Kiss of Reconciliation. French duelling is rapidly degenerating into a farce.

And, talking of kissing, we are told that, if ever a Malagasy wants to say, "Robert kissed his cousin," he has to phrase it: "Was kissed by Robert the female-child-of-father's-sister-his." It would be far simpler to do it at once and say nothing at all about it.

Those matter-of-fact scientists again! We have always held it to be a beautiful trait in calves, dolphins, and dugongs that they wept when overcome with emotion. But it does away with all the poetry when we are told that they only weep because they have an extra tear-gland. Science is so prosy.

Speaking of the journey across Channel, M. Paulhan observed—"I am not a good sailor; I prefer the air for comfort." Here, at last, we have the real cure for sea-sickness. And yet we are such a conservative race that hundreds of sufferers will refuse even to try this simple little remedy.



Listen to the latest medical pronouncement: "It is very difficult to make out a true bill against tobacco. It does not do nearly so much harm as might be expected." Let us fill up another pipe.

"Fill up the scenery a bit with those aldermen," is reported to have been the order of the great Pageant-master at a rehearsal. At all book-stalls: "What To Do with the Old Aldermen," by Frank Lascelles.

"The new child," said a Birmingham sportsman at the Albert Hall, "bows

to no parental control, wanders aimlessly about the streets, bandying unseemly jests, lost to all respect for himself, or herself, or other people." Will someone please fetch Solomon, who had a persuasive way with "new" children.

"I shall stay at the fair all the afternoon, then return to the Waldorf to dress for dinner," said Miss Pauline Chase, speaking of her hurried trip to New York. If the Café de l'Opéra had only known that the popular actress had so far conformed to English ideas, it perhaps need never have closed its doors for lack of people in evening dress.

Says an eminent hairdresser, "It is indeed time that an endeavour was made to provide an English fashion of hairdressing, for there is a larger quantity of false hair sold in London than anywhere else in the world." This seems a back-handed sort of way of paying a compliment, and, after all, most of the false hair comes from abroad.

Every year things become more classified and subdivided. Now they are talking of hospital eggs. What precise place do these hold in Dani Leno's celebrated list?

Another illusion shattered. Mr. Roosevelt has been greatly fatigued by his tour, and begged that the official programme for his stay in Copenhagen might be shortened as much as possible. Effete old Yurup seems to have done what neither America nor Central Africa has succeeded in doing.

Mrs. Bland-Sutton says that the ideal dress of a maid-servant should always harmonise with the colour-scheme of the room in which she has to appear. But what a shock to our sensitive nerves it would be if a maid dressed for the dining-room had to come into the drawing-room and did not match the wallpaper.





## INTIMATE WITH KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY:

THEIR MAJESTIES' GREAT PERSONAL FRIENDS.



1. VISCOUNTESS CRICHTON, FORMERLY LADY MARY CAVENDISH GROSVENOR, DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

4. THE REV. CANON EDGAR SHEPPARD, D.D., C.V.O., WHO WAS DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO KING EDWARD.

7. THE HON. DEREK KEPPEL, C.M.G., C.I.E., M.V.O., SON OF THE SEVENTH EARL OF ALBEMARLE.

2. THE HON. ALEXANDER NELSON HOOD, SON OF GENERAL VISCOUNT BRIDPORT, DUKE OF BRONTE.

5. LADY EVA DUGDALE, WIFE OF MR. FRANK DUGDALE, M.V.O., AND DAUGHTER OF THE FOURTH EARL OF WARWICK.

8. MABELL, COUNTESS OF AIRLIE, WIDOW OF THE SIXTH EARL OF AIRLIE, AND DAUGHTER OF THE FIFTH EARL OF ARRAN.

3. THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, FORMERLY LADY EVELYN FITZMAURICE, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

6. SIR CHARLES CUST, BT., C.M.G., C.I.E., M.V.O., THIRD BARONET AND FORMERLY A LIEUTENANT IN THE NAVY.

9. CAPTAIN BRYAN GODFREY-FAUSSETT, M.V.O., C.M.G., FORMERLY A COMMANDER IN THE NAVY.

On the accession of a new Sovereign, his personal friends naturally acquire an added interest, as they are likely to become prominent in the royal *entourage*. As was to be expected in the case of our Sailor King, who, as he lately reminded the Navy, has served in it for thirty-three years, several naval officers are numbered among his more intimate associates.





# SMALL TALK



ONE story, I believe unpublished, of King Edward's tact is a prettier example than most of its kind. The Shah of Persia was dining at Marlborough House; the dessert being reached he stretched his hand and took a large and very pulpy fruit from the centre of the table. After one or two mouthfuls he threw the remainder portion, with skin and stone, over his shoulder so that they hit the wall behind him with much squelching noise. One other fruit of the same sort was on the dish, and there was a horrified pause in the talk: would the guest from afar repeat the operation before the rather fastidious eyes of the Prince of Wales, as he then was? Edward himself broke the suspense. Taking the fruit, he ate a mouthful. The rest he threw over his shoulder so that it bespattered the wall behind him.



ENGAGED TO MR. LESLIE JOHNSON:  
MISS HILDA ECKSTEIN.

Miss Eckstein is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Cobbold, of Shabden Park, Chipstead, Surrey. Mr. Johnson is a grandson of the late Sir John Arnott, Bt.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

*Proclaimer of Kings.* Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty read the Proclamation of George V. in a tone that after a first moment of nervousness rang clear and true. Sir Alfred has had some little training and no small experience in voices, but has written more songs than he has sung. When he tries to forget that he is Garter King-of-Arms—a thing by no means easy, since even in the ordinary walks of life he must be called, not Gatty, but Garter—he immerses himself in the music and the literature of the nursery. The son of the late Rev. Alfred Gatty, who held a record in clerical longevity, he had for sister Juliana Horatia Ewing, a writer as familiar to the children of the King as he is himself.

## The Brothers.

Queen Alexandra, after the death of her eldest son, wrote to the Queen of Denmark, "I have buried my angel to-day, and with him my happiness." That, until her recent message to the nation, was the greatest demonstration of emotion she has ever made, for her rule has been to conceal the depth of her sorrow. To the death she lamented we owe the throned presence of George V., who up to the time of his brother's decease had had administered to him many reminders of his lowlier estate. Archbishop Tait, when he ordained the brothers at Osborne, said, "From this time forward, your course of life, which has hitherto been unusually alike, must in many respects diverge. You will

have different occupations and different training for an expected difference of position."

## King George's Widening Circle.

Of the two boys the younger, Prince George, had, according to Mr. Vincent, "the larger share of natural ability and energy." But there was little difference in their characters at the date, say, when Prince George and his brother were first introduced to the sea. Mr. Arthur Beavan has recorded the incident of the ushering of the boys into a bathing-machine at St. Leonards, of the compulsory dippings, and the shivering return of the future Sailor King and his brother to the beach. It was later that King George developed the dislike of busy



DAUGHTER OF LADY CONSTANCE GORE: MISS VIOLET G. GORE.

Miss Gore is the daughter of Mr. F. W. G. Gore and of Lady Constance Gore, of Norfolk Street, Park Lane, and is a granddaughter of the first Earl Soudes.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

contrast to Edward VII.'s fellowship with a crowd. Of late there has been a change, His Majesty's circle being considerably increased.

*The End of It.* When Dizzy, who knew most things, made his Lothair address Cardinal Grandison as "Sir," he was told with much gravity by a reviewer that his hero ought rather to have said "my Lord." A little conversation, reported, for the first time, in "The Tablet" as taking place between Cardinal Manning and Edward VII. when he was Prince of Wales, seems to show that the Prince of the Church and the Prince of the State accorded to one another the epithet in common. The Prince of Wales, as is well known, was greatly in favour of a measure which Manning viewed with disfavour. Said the Prince, "You don't like a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, Sir?" "I don't know, Sir," said the Cardinal. "I voted for it, Sir," said the Prince. "I know you did, Sir," said the Cardinal.

## Poe's Corner.

Our Literary Lounger suggests that probably King Edward never read the various odes composed in honour of the greater occasions of his life. This would hardly apply to such poems as Tennyson's oft-quoted lines of welcome to the "Sea-king's daughter from over the sea, Alexandra." There was nothing artificial in that poem, which was in the late Laureate's happiest vein, and entirely spontaneous in its feeling. Another fine occasional poem that one hopes King Edward appreciated is William Watson's ode on his Coronation.



ENGAGED TO MR. HORACE RAIKES DASHWOOD:  
MISS JESSIE NINA CASSELS.

Miss Cassels is the third daughter of Mr. W. R. Cassels, of York House, Kensington, and Buenos Ayres. Mr. Dashwood is the eldest son of Mr. C. H. P. Dashwood, of the Argentine Republic.

Photograph by Amy Cassels.



ENGAGED TO MR. MONTAGU VIVIAN SMITH: MISS NELL TOLLER.

Miss Toller is the elder daughter of Mrs. Herbert Lyon, of 5, Wyndham Place, and of the late Richard Bremridge Toller, of Barnstaple, Devon. Her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Smith, of Galashiels.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.



ENGAGED TO MR. MONTAGUE CHARLES ELIOT:  
MISS HELEN AGNES POST.

Miss Post is the daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Post and of Lady Barrymore. Mr. Eliot is the second son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Charles Eliot.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



# INTIMATE WITH KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY: THEIR MAJESTIES' GREAT PERSONAL FRIENDS.



1. THE COUNTESS OF LICHFIELD, FORMERLY LADY MILDRED COKE, DAUGHTER OF THE SECOND EARL OF LEICESTER.

4. CAPTAIN ROSSLYN E. WEMYSS, R.N., M.V.O., WHO WAS TO HAVE COMMANDED THE "BALMORAL CASTLE" FOR THE (NOW ABANDONED) ROYAL TOUR TO SOUTH AFRICA.

7. THE REV. AND HON. L. F. TYRWHITT, M.V.O., WHO WAS CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO KING EDWARD.

2. LADY LAMINGTON, WIFE OF BARON LAMINGTON AND DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST BARON NEWLANDS.

5. LADY BERTHA DAWKINS, WIDOW OF THE LATE MAJOR ARTHUR DAWKINS, AND DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST EARL OF LATHOM.

8. THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY, FORMERLY LADY CONSTANCE GROSVENOR, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL GROSVENOR.

3. THE COUNTESS OF BRADFORD, FORMERLY LADY IDA LUMLEY, DAUGHTER OF THE NINTH EARL OF SCARBROUGH.

6. VISCOUNT CRICHTON, M.V.O., D.S.O., ELDEST SON AND HEIR OF THE EARL OF ERNE.

9. LT.-COL. SIR ARTHUR BIGGE, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.S.I., WHO BECAME KING GEORGE'S PRIVATE SECRETARY IN 1901.

In the special supplement to our double number of the "Sketch" last week, we gave portraits of the most intimate friends of the late King. In the same way we are now enabled to give photographs of the particular friends of King George and Queen Mary, who are likely to form the inner circle of the new Court.

Photographs No. 1 and 3, by Whitlock; 2, by Alice Hughes; 4, by Russell; 5, by Val L'Estrange; 6, by Mayall; 7, by Maull and Fox; 8, by Thomson; and 9, by Langher.



# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

EVER since the fatal Friday, the last words of King Edward VII. have been sought and surmised, but hitherto nothing authentic has come to the eager public ear from the silence of the death-chamber. I am able to publish here his Majesty's last message to one who was absent at the time of crisis—a message typical of his courage and of the geniality that made him beloved among his friends. "Give my love to Marky, and tell him I am pleased his horse won." Needless to say, "Marky" is Lord Marcus Beresford, Manager of King Edward's stud.

*Making Doubly Sure.*

Two hundred dances, at a modest computation, have been postponed or abandoned owing, as we read in the social columns, "to the death of His Majesty King Edward." The sad monotony of that phrase is varied in the case of a foreign club, that is abandoning its annual festivity "owing to the death of the late King."

of 112, or, in other words, exactly the same as that of Lord Cholmondeley and Edward VII. when the late King came to the throne. The youth of George V. does not mean that his Court is on the whole, younger than the Edwardian one, for it is an obvious, but none the less significant, fact that all the people who were attached to the person of his father, and whose services are retained by King George, are a decade older than when they entered the royal service. Add to this the new King's decided inclination for the company of persons of mature years, and it will be easily gathered that the new régime is not likely to be less grave and dignified than the last.

Of course, Lord Ancaster, the Joint Great Chamberlain, does not step into Lord Cholmondeley shoes, as the *Westminster Gazette* supposed he would. During the eighty years of his life he has played many parts and



ENGAGED TO MR. KENNETH G. STACY HATFIELD: MISS O. R. DAWES.

Miss Dawes is a daughter of Mr. F. Dawes, of 21, Park Crescent, Portland Place.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

*Mourning.* Dances are off with, naturally, an entire unanimity of consent. Not so with weddings, the difference being that a religious ceremony, followed by an immediate withdrawal from the scene of mourning, is no breach of good feeling. The honeymoon on the Italian lakes or elsewhere out of England alters the case. Such has been the feeling of Baron de Bernicey and Mrs. Harrison, who were married in London and left for Paris last week; such is the feeling, too, of Lieutenant Alder-cron and Miss Bancroft; and of a number of officers and their brides who cannot possibly be charged with any negligence in regard to the etiquette of national sorrow.

"Chumley." The Marquis of Cholmondeley, who relinquishes the active tenure of the office of Lord Great Chamberlain in favour of Lord Carrington, is a young man for his years, with the bearing of thirty rather than of fifty-two. His mother was a Dashwood, and his son and heir is the Earl of Rocksavage, of the 9th Lancers.

*The Discretion of Years.* Lord Carrington is somewhat older man than his predecessor. His age and his master's make a joint total



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN F. RAINSFORD HANNAY, R.F.A.: MISS DOROTHEA MAXWELL.

Miss Maxwell is the daughter of Sir William Maxwell, Bt., of Cardoness. Captain Hannay is the eldest son of Colonel Rainsford Hannay, of Kirkdale, Scotland.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles*

borne many titles, but his turn to be the acting Lord Great Chamberlain is not likely to come round again. For several sessions he sat in Parliament as an "Hon."; for twenty-one years he was Lord Aveland, and from 1888 until 1892, the year in which he received an Earldom, he bore the title that his son, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, now uses by courtesy in and out of the Commons. Lord Ancaster has contrived to be an exemplary President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, as well as of the Four-in Hand Club; his own ten children he has, they say, managed as excellently as he has managed his famous team of blacks.

*A Royal Hand-shake.* One of the minor elements of King Edward's popularity was the heartiness of his hand-shake. After some working men had been presented to him at Lambeth Palace in Archbishop Benson's time, the latter wrote that "they were delighted by his strong shake of the hand. 'Not the tips of his fingers,' they said: 'working men have feelings and they would not like that.'" One of the workmen, an engine-driver, remarked with pride: "When he's King I shall be able to say that I've shook hands with the Crown."



TO MARRY VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE: MISS MARGARETTA DREXEL (HER LATEST PORTRAIT).

Miss Drexel is the daughter of Mr. Anthony Drexel, a member of a great banking firm in America. Lord Maidstone is the son and heir of Lord Winchelsea.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*



## OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN MARY:

HER MAJESTY'S FAVOURITE PHOTOGRAPH.



THE CONSORT OF OUR SAILOR KING: QUEEN MARY.

To quote a writer in the "Pall Mall Gazette":—"It is no mere courtly flattery to say that her Majesty, equally with King George, enjoys the profound esteem of the nation. She has ever been an active participant in works of charity and philanthropy, and no good cause has appealed to her in vain. The cares of a family of five sons and one daughter have been met in a way which has commanded the warm admiration of all who know her Majesty; and there is not a home in all England which shows a happier and more dignified family life than that of our new King and Queen." The Queen was Her Serene Highness Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louisa Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes—the only daughter of H.S.H. Francis, first Duke of Teck. Her marriage took place in July, 1893.

*Photograph by Alice Hughes.*

# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

**The Closed Doors.** At the moment when I am writing, the theatres, save one or two, are closed, and we all know why—too sadly. The music-halls, or most of them, are open, and why a distinction should be drawn in this respect between the managers of the halls and the theatres is beyond my guessing. However, by the time when these lines have reached the printer the theatres will be open again, in consequence of the kindly, thoughtful message of King George to the effect "that in view of the number of people who would be thrown out of employment by a prolonged closing of the theatres His Majesty wished that the theatres should be opened, except on the day of the funeral of His late Majesty." In this message we see manifested in the son the spirit of his lamented father, who would have been grieved to think that many people connected with the joyous profession of the stage should be suffering severe pecuniary loss out of respect to his memory. I have heard one or two ultra-loyal people suggesting that the theatres ought not to avail themselves of this kindly suggestion, but they have been made by people who will suffer no pecuniary loss, direct or indirect, by the catastrophe which has cast the whole civilised world into mourning. They are people adopting the absurd attitude neatly summed up in the phrase *plus royaliste que le Roi*.

**The late King as Playgoer.** King Edward VII. was fond of the theatre. During his reign, and excluding this year, as to which I have no statistics, he visited the theatre, not including the opera house, about twenty times per annum. This may not sound a great deal to the cohort of regular first nighters, but is well beyond the attendance of the average citizen, and remarkable in one necessarily out of London during a great part of the year, and with prodigious calls upon his time when in town. There would be no object in giving a complete list of the plays that he went to see during his reign, but it may be interesting to set out his attendances last year. He witnessed "An Englishman's Home," "The Dancing Girl," "Henry of Navarre," "The Earth," "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," "The Arcadians," "The Woman in the Case," "L'Assommoir," "His Borrowed Plumes," "The Best People," "Arsène Lupin," and "The Whip." The last named he saw twice. In addition, at Windsor there were command performances of "Trilby," "The Lyons Mail," and "The Little Damozel." It will be observed from this list, and his other attendances confirm the view, that the late King took the popular view of the theatre as a place for healthy, simple entertainment, and did not support actively those who assume a somewhat severer attitude towards the playhouse, and demand of it education and highly intellectual entertainment. The fact may grieve

a small minority, yet it shows how keenly King Edward was in sympathy with the bulk of the nation now mourning his loss so sincerely.

## King George at the Playhouse.

It is not uninteresting to consider what were the plays visited in 1909 by King George V., our present Gracious Sovereign. According to the list before us, which, like the former list, I take from that valuable book of reference, *The Stage Year Book*, King George, as Prince of Wales, attended "An Englishman's Home," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Henry of Navarre," "Our Miss Gibbs," "The School for Scandal," "The Arcadians," "The Woman in the Case," "His Borrowed Plumes," "The Best People," "False Gods," "The Whip," and "Arsène Lupin." "Our Miss Gibbs" had the honour of three visits. It will therefore be seen that so far as one can judge King George's taste in drama resembles that of his revered father.

## The State of the Drama.

Our new King may congratulate himself, if he thinks the matter of sufficient importance, upon the fact that in the year when he ascends the throne British drama enjoys a state of healthy vigour not reached before within the memory of living man. A superb Shakespearean season has just been ended at His Majesty's, which, despite its splendid scale, had not prevented Stratford from planning its customary festival even more magnificently than in the past. London for the first time during many years has a repertory theatre—the manager is an American, but the plays, and the players also, with one or two exceptions, are British. In Manchester, under the enthusiastic management of Miss Horniman, there is a firmly established repertory theatre; nevertheless, at another house in that great city there have been admirable performances of Shakespeare. If we cross the St. George's Channel we find in "dear dirty Dublin" an Irish theatre "racy of the soil" and full of vitality, though it has to mourn the death of Synge, the greatest of its playwrights. Crossing the Channel again, we see under the able, courageous management of Mr. Alfred Wareing a theatre financed by the citizens of Glasgow, producing in repertory fashion all the noteworthy plays of the day, and making also brave efforts to cultivate a specifically national theatre at the same time. Of these enterprises I speak with



PEGGY, THE PRIDE—AND THE PARENTS: MR. AND MRS. STANLEY BRETT AND THEIR DAUGHTER.

It will be remembered that little Miss Peggy was baptised the other day by Father Bernard Vaughan. Mr. Stanley Brett is the brother of Mr. Seymour Hicks, and a well known actor who has made most popular appearances on numerous occasions in parts created by himself and by his brother. Mrs. Stanley Brett's stage name is Miss Maie Ash. Miss Ash has played many Ellaline Terriss and other parts in musical comedy with unvarying success.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

particular respect, but without prejudice to my admiration for the brave endeavours of the London Managers, such as Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. George Alexander, and Mr. Trench, to give us a drama worthy of this amazing heart of the unparalleled Empire, over which it is our earnest hope that King George V. will rule for many a day.



# "'T WAS NO MAN'S LAND KIND OF HORSE SHOW."

A CONCOURS HIPPIQUE MANAGED BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN.



1. "LOOKING MORE THAN USUALLY YOUNG GENTLEMANLY": MISS ELEANOR SEARS DRIVING A TANDEM. 2. COSTUME AND THE SPORTING WOMAN: LADIES CONCERNED WITH THE HORSE SHOW. 3. ONE OF THE CLASSES JUDGED BY THREE LADIES: THE SADDLE-CLASS BEING INSPECTED. 4. A FOUR-IN-HAND WELL IN HAND: MRS. JOHN GERKEN (ONE OF THE JUDGES) DRIVING A COACH. 5. AN INTERESTING EVENT: COMPETITORS IN THE RUN-ABOUT CLASS.

From New York comes an interesting account of a "No Man's Land kind of Horse Show"—in the sense that it was entirely managed by women, and both riders and judges belonged to the fair sex. Men, of course, were present, including the proud fathers of some of the competitors, but they took no active part in the proceedings. The show was held in Durland's Riding Academy, and there was a great crowd. In the pony-riding contest for girls under fifteen all the competitors but one rode in knickerbockers, and as they cantered out into the ring a box of candy was handed to each. The judges for this and other saddle-horse classes were Mrs. Charles F. Hubbs, Mrs. John Gerken and Miss Eleanor Sears. As an American paper puts it, "the latter young woman looked more than usually young gentlemanly with a waistcoat, a hat worn nor' east by east, and a boutonniere the size of a young cabbage." In spite of masculine habiliments and style, however, the ladies betrayed the propensities of their sex, for it was remarked that all the riders looked in the huge mirror at the end of the hall every time they passed it.

Photographs by Thompson.

# GROWLS

By BERYL FABER (MRS. COSMO HAMILTON).

## A World's Loss.

This is no moment for Growls. I, at least, cannot write one. I have place in my mind but for one thought. I have room in my heart but for one cry. A lament. A great grief. A world's loss. A nation's anguish. Edward the Peacemaker is dead. All things must pause. All things, trivial as these Growls, great as the Destiny of England. Life itself must pause. There is no dry eye in the Dominions. There should be no dry eye in any part of the world when the knowledge is borne in upon each and all that the Peacemaker is dead. For is there a country in the world which has not

day of his Reign. How could such an outpouring of every faculty for his people, and for the whole world, leave any strength in his own illness? Working to the last day of his life for others, what an everlasting, ever present example he leaves behind him. How the whole world is the better for having seen and known his life.

## The Irish Biddy.

Some of us remember with envy the Irish Biddy whose little hut he entered with kindly, interested, sympathetic words, whose hand he wrung. Some of us to-day would give all the years of life which may lie before us to be that Irish Biddy with that remembrance in her heart. What matter the gold he left on her table? Many a king and many a man might leave that. But his hand-shake, his kindly words in her ears. Think of the gold he has left in her heart. Some of us, in our bitter sorrow, are selfish enough to envy her this memory.

## Father, Friend, Protector.

Before his time, surely before his time he has called us to our lament—our heart-broken, sorrowing lament. The ground has failed beneath our feet. The Father, the Friend, the Protector is taken from us. His great work seems done. But we all know that this is not so. Such influence as his has been must live for ever after him. Such an example as he has shown must be handed down to his heirs. He will live for ever before us



AWAKENED TO BE NUMBERED: A SLEEPER-OUT IN CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK, ANSWERING THE CENSUS-TAKER.

felt his influence? Is there a country in the world which has not benefited by his example, or by his advice? For Edward VII. was an inspired King, living an Englishman's life, a *sportsman's* life among his people, with his people, of his people. Yet *never failing*, when daily called upon to pronounce on questions of Empire, to give the right, the just, the peacemaking pronouncement. Not once in a century, nor once in ten centuries, is such a monarch born.

## King Edward's Greatness.

And how great an honour it has been to each faithful servant in his Dominions to have lived during his Reign. The broadness of mind, the greatness of heart, the divine tenderness to the poorest of his devoted people will never be forgotten by any soul living now. Those who can forget must brand themselves as little lovers, pitiful, and mean. His true servants have never held a thought of him other than reverent.

## The First Gentleman of England.

The First Gentleman of England! Proud title! Nobly borne! There has never been another who could have reached, as he has reached, to the hearts of his own people, poor and rich alike, and to the hearts of the people of all the countries of the world. His courtesy, his tenderness, his kindness, his tact made his kingliness a thing for all the world to marvel at, to reverence, to love. The world is full of mourners: not alone his near and dear ones: not alone those who have known the honour of his friendship; but those, also, in his Dominions who have never heard his voice, yes, and those who have never looked upon his face. All have realised to the uttermost limit his grand, self-denying, duty-doing life. And in the midst of it all comes the realisation that he was spending his strength so utterly for his people that he could have none left to fight death for himself. Ready always, and working always, he reserved nothing for himself. He was giving, giving, giving every



THE CENSUS-TAKER AWAKENING A MAN SLEEPING IN THE CITY HALL PARK.

TAKING THE CENSUS IN NEW YORK: AWAKENING MEN SLEEPING IN THE CITY HALL PARK TO SECURE THE NECESSARY PARTICULARS OF THEIR LIVES.

The numbering of the persons found in the public parks of New York at the time of the taking of the Census the other day was performed under the immediate superintendence of the Supervisor, Mr. Albert Falck. Mr. Falck began his tour at ten o'clock at night. Two enumerators were on duty in each park. Our photographs were, of course, taken by flashlight.

Photographs by Topical.

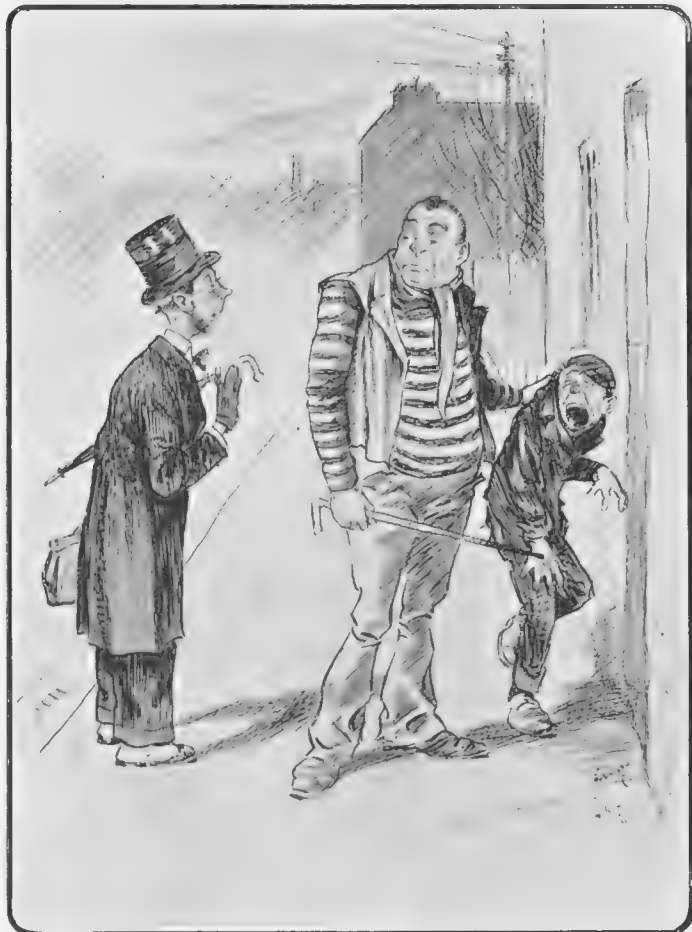
in the fruit of his works, and in the life of his son, and his son's sons. There can be no fear for England with his descendants to follow faithfully in his footsteps. It is only the personal pain, the terrible blank, that oppresses our hearts with dismay. The Protector of the Poor, the friend of the lowliest as of the highest in his Dominions, is dead.

## Black.

The late King had his own views on mourning. The swords of officers in the Army were not tied round with crêpe at the time of Queen Victoria's death, and this was very probably due to King Edward's sense of the inappropriate, if not of the ridiculous. To decorate a death-dealing weapon with so feminine a symbol of regret at death did not seem to him "the right thing"; and he was, above all, learned in the right things.



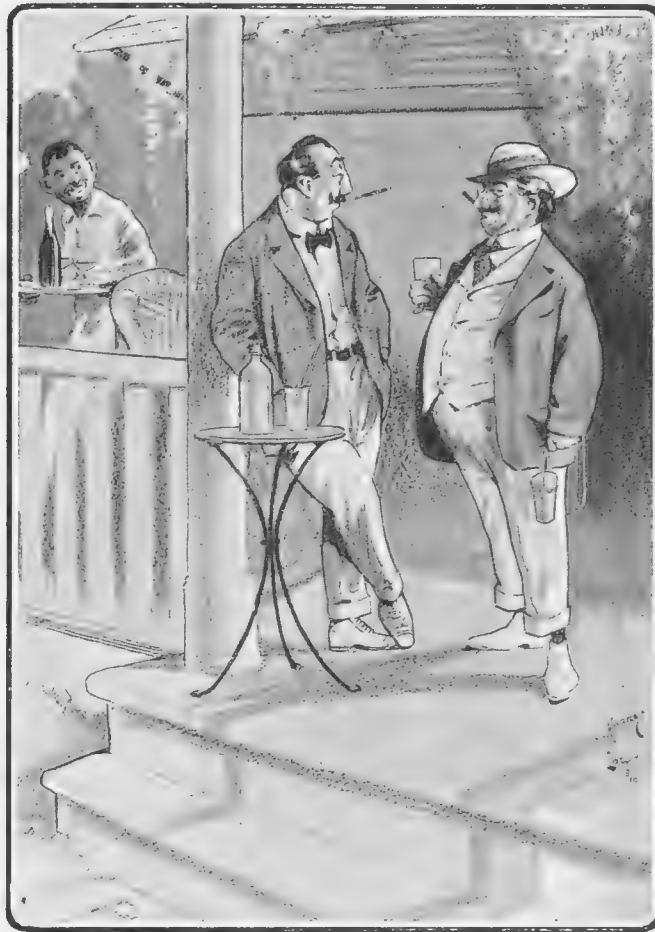
## ANOTHER FOUR.



THE PARSONIC PERSON: Oh, Sir, let not the sun descend upon your wrath!

THE DETERMINED DOUBTER: Well, per'aps yer right. But I'm goin' to let my wrath descend upon my son, I give yer my word.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN (*wintering abroad for the first time*): But, my dear chap, why call it the Palm Hotel? There isn't a palm for miles round.

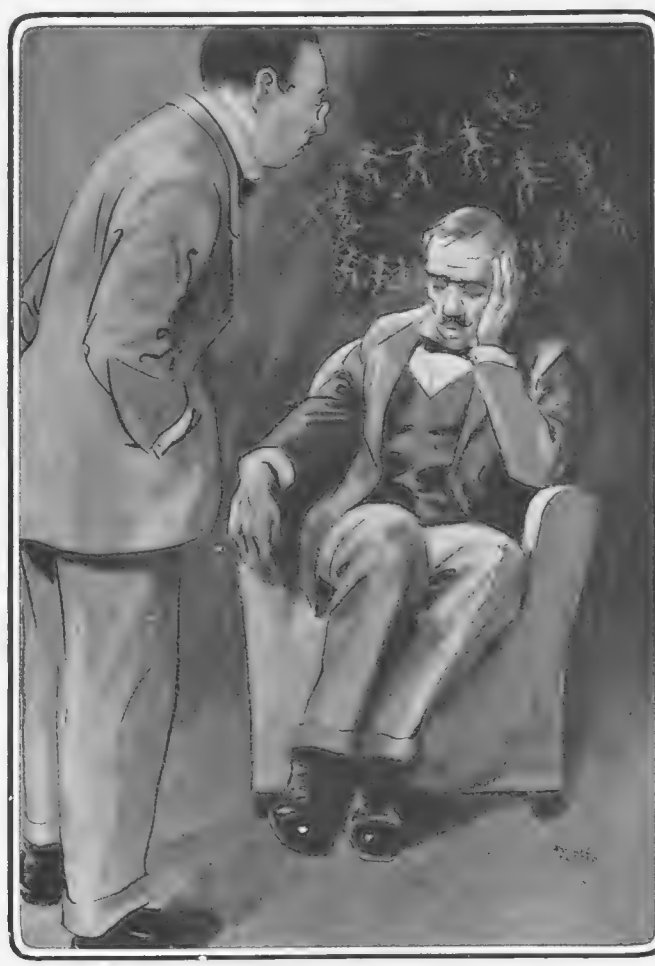
THE SECOND ENGLISHMAN (*who has been there before, and remembers the tips*): Oh, it's a cheery little conundrum that every blessed employé in the place will answer for you the day you leave, old boy.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.



THE TOPER: Run, man! Run for your life! I've had 'em alter me like that!

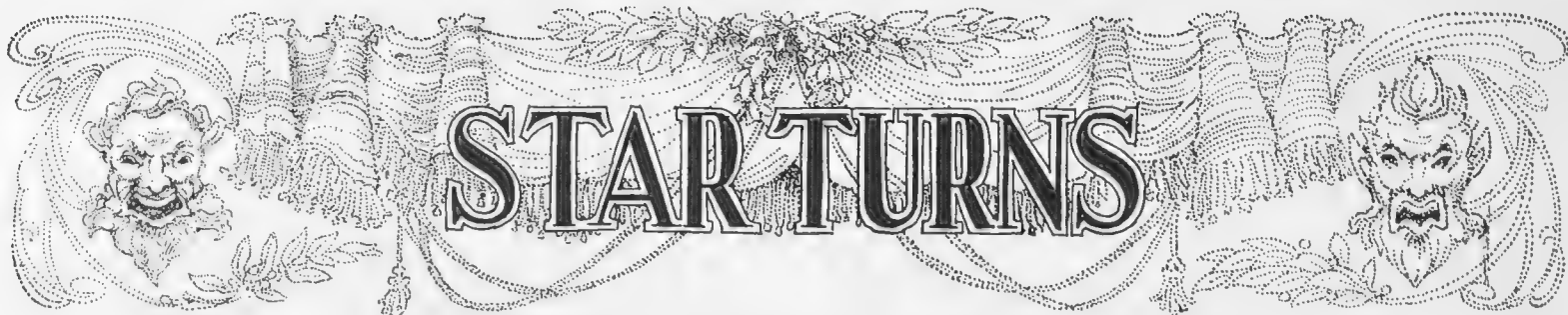
DRAWN BY FRED BENNETT.



THE FRIEND OF THE OTHER: You lost your head completely at the banquet last night.

THE ENEMY OF HIMSELF: Yes, I know; but I've got it back this morning.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



THE GENTLE ART OF BREAKING PLATES FOR A LIVING.

**D**ELIBERATELY and with malice aforethought to smash and destroy plates seems, at first sight, an exceedingly odd way of making one's living. Truth compels the admission that it is an exceedingly successful way, as Mr. Sam Elton, who has been appearing at the Alhambra to the usual accompaniment of side-splitting laughter, has been demonstrating for the last ten years. During that time he has

smashed and destroyed rather more than a thousandpounds' worth of crockery, for it is no uncommon thing for him to break three-dozen plates during a performance, and he often gives a dozen performances a week, while on occasions he has given over twenty. Even at the wholesale rate at which he buys them, they cost over seven pounds a gross, while in the United States he has frequently had to pay about five shillings a dozen for them.

People of an economical turn of mind might argue that it would be better and certainly cheaper to use enamel plates. While not denying this patent fact, Mr. Elton's experience is that the enamel chips off and leaves edges which cut like a knife. True, the real plates are not without a danger of their own, for though it is easy to



A MEMBER OF AN OLD LEICESTERSHIRE FAMILY: MISS JEAN DAWSON, WHO IS PLAYING IN "THE MERRY WIDOW" ON TOUR.

Miss Dawson, who is appearing in "The Merry Widow" on tour, is a member of an old Leicestershire family, the Dawsons of Lanade Abbey. Before going on the stage, she was a great favourite in Leicestershire hunting circles.

avoid the large pieces, sharp chips occasionally find their way into his arms and hands, his legs and knees, as he falls about the stage, while even his forehead, his nose and cheeks are cut by fragments from the plates which he breaks on his head.

In spite of these dangers, china plates are better than enamel ones, for they make a louder clatter when they come together, they are easier to separate from each other and to handle, and, generally, they produce a greater effect.

The art of manipulating the plates, naturally, took a long time to learn, and its difficulties may be realised by any reader of an experimental turn of mind who will borrow a couple of dozen plates belonging to the best dinner service from the domestic china cupboard and fall about with them. While the experiment will not be attended with as many broken bones as plates, there will be enough "black and blues" and contusions to satisfy the demands of the most exigent artist in cutaneous discoloration, for even to day Mr. Elton, with all his skill acquired by previous years of acrobatic performances, gets very black and blue at times.

The other striking feature of this really comical turn is the fact that Mr. Elton fills the pockets of his trousers with eggs and falls about without breaking them. It is an effect which the amateur conjuror may be counselled not to attempt if he places any value on his trousers. If he does, the results will be disastrous, for the garments will have to be put out of commission. It would be difficult to walk, much less fall about, with eggs in the pockets of ordinary trousers without smashing them all. Mr. Elton realised this very soon after he had the idea of introducing eggs into his act. For months every day he practised with dummy eggs in his pocket, so that he might learn how to make sure of falling always on those portions of his thighs which would protect the eggs. Then he began with one real egg in each pocket. Even then he broke more eggs in a rehearsal than he could possibly eat in a day. Now he has acquired such skill that it is only on rare occasions that any of the eggs break by accident, though he smashes so many every week in the course of his performance that his bill for eggs since he began to use them would probably exceed five hundred pounds.

To the economically minded, it may, again, seem absurd that he should use only the best new-laid eggs. It is, however, a fact, for he learnt in the bitter school of experience that if by chance he got a really bad egg, the effect both on the audience and himself when it broke was—well "it broke them both up," to use a colloquial phrase.

The act as it is now did not grow in a single night, but has gradually been evolved. It began through the necessity of Mr. Elton finding work for himself in consequence of a more rapid recovery from an illness than he had anticipated. Some fifteen years ago, while doing an acrobatic pantomimic act with his own company, he had a severe attack of rheumatism, and as he was getting worse he engaged a substitute for a year. A few weeks at Droitwich made him so much better that he decided to return to the stage. Having given his substitute a year's engagement, it occurred to him that he might do a "lone act," and began thinking of some domestic scene which would allow him free scope for the display of his acrobatic qualities. In imagination he went from room to room until, at last, he decided on the kitchen, and he began working out the effects and the comic business he could introduce. Incidentally, he began ordering the mechanical appliances that he thought he would need, with the result that when he began the practical rehearsals of his scheme he discarded about a ton of material and he has never used any of it since.

Although he was not born in the "show business" Mr. Elton was certainly born to be in it. Before he could walk he was being rolled about in barrels by his relatives for their amusement and his own. As a lad, he naturally drifted to the gymnasium nearest to his home in Philadelphia, where he practised all the feats he had seen in a travelling circus, so that he was able to do most of the acrobatic "stunts." At length, when he was between thirteen and fourteen, and his parents refused to allow him to join a circus, he ran away from home in order to put his desire into practical execution and began as a contortionist. He was not, however, allowed to specialise, for he had to turn his hands—and feet—to anything. Within two weeks he was doing a riding act and walking the wire above the roof of the tent in which the performances were given. With two other boys in the circus he got up an acrobatic turn which succeeded so well that Barnum engaged them, and they remained with that king of showmen for three years. As The Three Eltons they came to London and "showed" at the old Aquarium, after which they went on the Continent for four or five years, when they dissolved partnership. Mr. Elton then began his one-man show as a Chinaman, doing a burlesque act. So marvellously was he made up that everybody believed he was a Chinaman, while so clever and amusing was his performance that he was able to continue it for five years, with the result that, before he had finished, there were at least a hundred other artists imitating him. This act was followed by the pantomimic one to which reference has been made, and that by the present turn, which is likely to continue for many more years, for Mr. Elton is about to start for Australia, where he may remain a year before returning with it either to the United States or to Europe.



ILLUMINATED BY WIRELESS: MISS RAY, SHOWING THE "ANTENNA" THAT CATCH THE WAVES.

Miss Ray walks among the audience. Her dress is covered with tiny electric lamps. On her back are two metal rods. Her dress is illuminated by means of the waves produced by wireless apparatus some distance away.

Photograph by Topical.



# Am Tag! Die Deutschen Kommen!

INCIDENTS OF THE COMING GERMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND; BY HEATH ROBINSON.



V.—GERMAN TROOPS, DISGUISED AS BRITISH EXCURSIONISTS, CROSSING THE NORTH SEA.

So many authors have described in detail the invasion of England by Germany that Mr. Heath Robinson's patriotism has led him to make a thorough investigation of the subject, with some most remarkable results. He has already made four disclosures; the fifth is published this week.



THE BOOKSHELF OF TWO KINGS.

LITTLE has been written of Edward VII.'s reading, and still less of George V.'s, because the average journalist has rather irresponsibly assumed that there is nothing to write. Both Kings have sought their authors in the privacy of the recreation hour; they have left to the specialists, to the Lord Actons, and the Lord Morleys, to the critics and the librarians, the public discussion of literature. For these kingly readers it has been an art entirely personal, more personal than Music, to enjoy which Royalty must sit upon plush chairs, in a plush-lined box thrown open to the inquisitive searchings of opera-glasses; more personal than Painting, that must be enjoyed in the company of an informative P.R.A.; more personal than the Architecture so often veiled in bunting before the royal approach. Neither father nor son may be described as better-read than the average man of culture who is moving among other men of culture and perforce reading the books they read. With the worst will in the world, however, King Edward could not have lived his life without being, in a sense, a man of letters. As a man of marvellously quick perception he had, in the end, the advantage of the average man of culture; while another advantage, which had nothing to do with the culture of the Schools, was the strongly defined nature of his prejudices and prepossessions. "I hope you won't read those books. No woman I respect reads them," he said, putting his hand upon the hand of a lady who was pausing in her choice from a heap of modern problem novels on the table of a private house. That is a side-light on the late King's literature; the books that he cared no woman to read, he himself had little taste for. Novels, it is true, engaged a certain portion of the time of an eye that travelled the page with the speed of one who makes quite sure of what it wants, and wastes no time in the search for it. Miss Corelli's fiction is popularly associated with the bookshelf of the royal residences; it is less generally known that King Edward perused the more knotted pages of George Meredith. The nut that has a rich kernel is better worth gnawing on than an over-ripe fruit that must be swallowed at a gulp, and King Edward may be said to have mastered "The Egoist," and to have enjoyed the task as well as any man. It was not many years ago, but before the master-novelist had reached the height of his repute, that King Edward expressed a desire to meet him. Needless to say, he discovered at the dinner-table that Meredith was one of the most abounding talkers of his generation, and indirectly I can judge of the King's enjoyment of the writer's sallies by Meredith's own imitation of his listener's hearty laugh. The King's admirations were often shared by his sister, and Princess Louise was also a reader of, and a diner and fellow-laughter with, George Meredith.

Thackeray and Dickens were known personally to King Edward: the list of his literary friends would be too long for this column. One discovery he made without, I think, ever knowing the writer

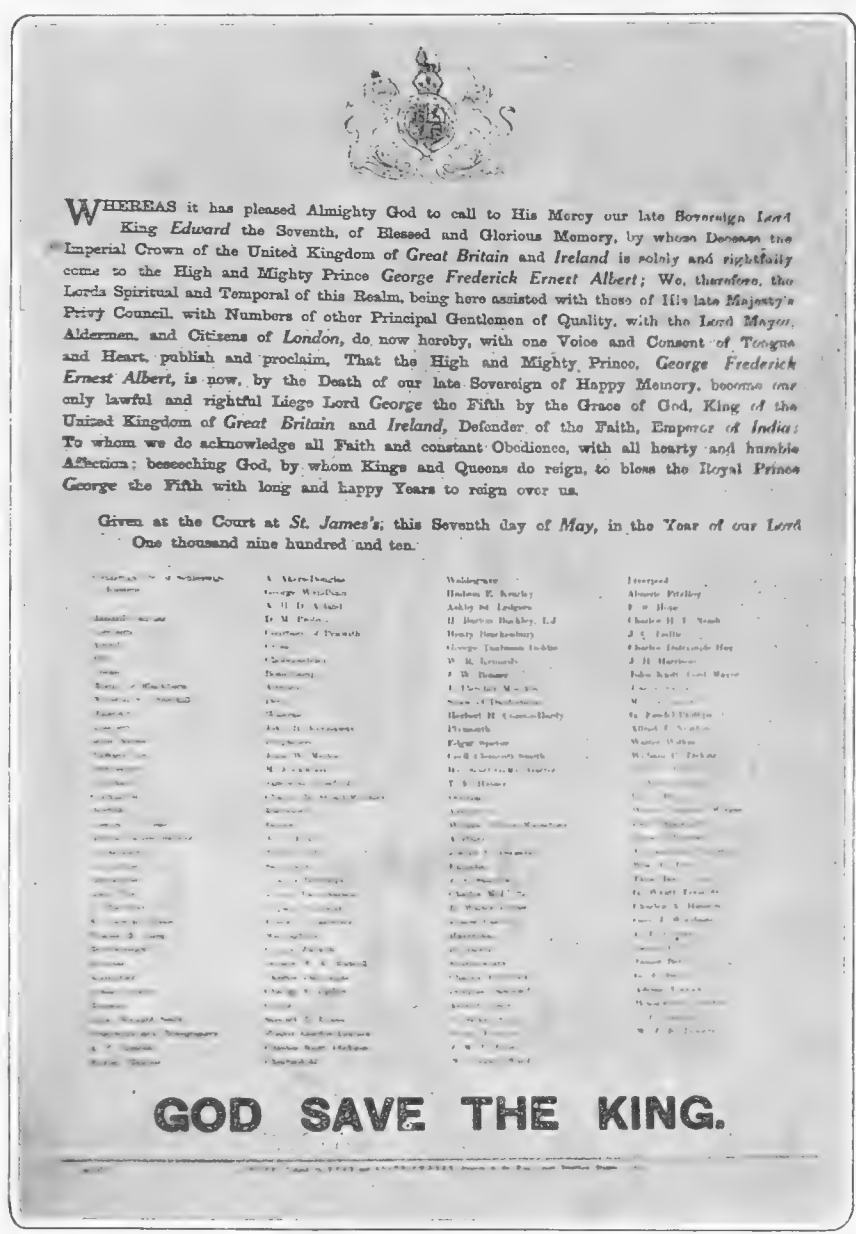
personally. When staying with Lady Miles at Leigh Court he asked for a book to beguile possible hours of sleeplessness. Mr. Hugh Conway's *Called Back*, an obscurely issued book, was given him. He liked it, praised it, and caused it to be the most read novel of its year.

Sixteen pages of the British Museum Reading Room catalogue are occupied by works important because of their relation to King Edward VII. They represent a class of literature in which the King himself was not keenly interested. It is true that his lively interest in his friends led him to peruse the biographies of himself for discreet (and indiscreet) allusions to his favourites. If he learnt anything of a friend from the pages of contemporary history he was well pleased, and during one of the last afternoons he spent with print, *The Catholic Who* was his companion. Within an hour he had discovered half-a-dozen friends included in its pages of whom he had not previously realised that they were Papists. The editor of that volume, Sir Francis Burnand, was an old friend—not in any sense a Court jester, but a writer whose frequent pleas, whether on the published page or in the private letter, invariably met with approval from high places. Of the things written of the King, those which were certainly never read, in bulk, by His Majesty were the forty-odd odes written for the graver crises of his life. It was the concrete, the brisk, the witty, that was acceptable. The stuffed rhetoric of official verse could hardly deceive one so familiar with the poms and shows of life, and with the scene behind the scenes. The country gentleman in him liked tales of the country, but there again the directness of his nature was dissatisfied with the country authors who could not distinguish between a labourer reaping corn and a labourer digging potatoes. Needless to say, Thomas Hardy pleased the King, who kept in close touch with the small farmers on the royal estates.

We have called the King a well-read man, but he was a well-read man with the utmost economy of time. Other people read books for

him. Queen Alexandra read books for him. She, the greatest consumer of literary fuel in his immediate circle, would read a multitude of works that without a second thought she could dismiss as futile from her husband's point of view.

In a sense, King George V. is a greater specialist in Letters than his father. That is to say, his library discloses the particular nature of his leading interest: the late King's library did not do that. In it might be found anything from the text-book on a recondite scientific theme to the latest book of essays by the latest young man, or a play by a French stylist. King George has many naval and military works, and these he has studied with an attention that has made him as learned as his father in the history and usages of regiments and uniforms. But we doubt if either father or son emulated Queen Alexandra, and wrote a poem.



THE PROCLAMATION OF KING GEORGE'S ACCESSION FROM WHICH THE WORDS "AND OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS" WERE OMITTED. In the first printed proofs of the proclamation of King George, the words "and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas" were accidentally omitted. The heralds noted the fact, and the phrase was inserted in its place. The proclamation was, of course, read correctly in London, to which, officially, the ceremony was confined. Therefore, even if the phrase was not spoken in some parts of the provinces, it would not seriously matter.—[Photograph by Topical.]



SEE THE CONQUERING ZERO COMES.



THE ARTIST (*who has been decorating the "weight"*): 'Ow's that suit yer, guv'nor?

THE ELEVATOR: Goot, ganz gut! But zere is room for anuzzer zero, hein?

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## A MISSIONARY'S ENTERPRISE.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

WHEN the Reverend Sandy Phairson went out to evangelise the hinterland of Pulaloo, he took with him a copy of the Scriptures, a flask of whisky (a sovereign remedy for the fevers of that insalubrious district), a cleek, and a dozen golf-balls. Before his departure he called upon the organising secretary of the mission at his London offices. The Secretary came at once to business.

"What you have to do," he said, "is to win the confidence of the natives."

"Aweel," drawled Sandy in the long, unmelodious accents of East Fife, "Aw'm gain' tae hae a try at it."

"We shall put you at M'Bwonga," went on the Secretary. "It's—it's—er—picturesque—and quiet. You'll not be bothered with much company."

"Aw hae ma cleek," said Sandy.

The Secretary smiled indulgently.

"True, true," he remarked; "I had forgotten for the moment that you were Scotch. The national insanity! True, true! I forgot. And you will find at M'Bwonga all the opportunities for your game; vast tracts of country—the hazards, too, are not to be despised. Swamps! Natives! If you should happen to get bunkered in a swamp with a native, you are not likely to finish on the green. But above all things win their confidence."

"Ye play a bit yersel', nae doot?" remarked Sandy drily.

The Secretary blushed.

"In a strictly private way, you understand," he said, "my handicap is twenty-two."

The Reverend Sandy Phairson sniffed.

"But to return to Pulaloo," said the Secretary hastily, "I am sending you to M'Bwonga because our present missionary there doesn't appear to have been too successful with the natives. Poor O'Riley! I'm afraid he's too impulsive."

"He'll be Irish, Aw'm thinkin'?" remarked Sandy.

"And you would be thinking right," replied the Secretary. "He went to M'Bwonga after the failure of the last Home Rule Bill."

"And noo he's comin' back. Aw see," said Sandy.

He shook hands with the Secretary and shook the dust of the office from his feet.

"Win their confidence," he said to himself as he passed the spot where once had stood Exeter Hall; "aweel, if it's all they've got to win, Aw micht as weel win it."

We shall pass over the Reverend Sandy Phairson's adventures upon the ocean upon his way to M'Bwonga, merely touching upon one important point. He lost his cleek. He was practising stance and swing upon the poop deck when the club slipped out of his hands and struck the Captain of the ship upon the temple. The Captain, a man of hasty temper, dropped the club over the side. The resulting fight was, before it was interfered with, declared by the mates to have been the finest "scrap" they had seen in their lives without gate-money. At the conclusion Sandy was put in irons and kept in that degrading condition until he was transferred to the river-boat that was to take him to M'Bwonga.

"Aw'm thinkin'," he remarked to the skipper of the river-boat, "that yon Captain is on his way to damnation. Aw'm fearin' he'll hole oot in the bottomless pit at the end o't. And Aw'm dootin' the muckle deil'll nae be oerpleased tae see him."

With these consoling thoughts he solaced himself whilst the little steamer glided amidst the foetid swamps of the country he had come to evangelise. On the fourth day he made out a small house with a closely shuttered verandah that stood upon the south side of the river about a hundred yards from the shore, with the forest at its back.

"There's your future home," said the skipper of the river-boat, forcing a smile that was meant to be cheerful and succeeded in being ghastly.

Sandy gazed at it keenly, marking the long stretch of foreshore and the swamps with which it abounded.

"The links'll be nae that bad when they're drained," he remarked.

A boat landed him. He shook hands all round and proceeded up the beach, carrying his effects.

It was evident that his footsteps were heard. A window was lifted slightly, and the muzzle of a rifle protruded.

"Halt there, ye blackguard," cried a voice, "or I'll blow daylight through ye."

The Reverend Sandy Phairson halted promptly.

"Pit up yer gun, mon," he said. "Aw'm the new missionary."

The gun was withdrawn, the door opened, and O'Riley came out.

"Is that yerself, man?" he said, shaking hands exuberantly.

"Sure, I didn't recognise ye at first. My eyes aren't what they were. There's times when I'll see black men as white, and there's times when I'll see white men as black, and there's times when I'll see men—ay, and far worse than men—when there isn't anything at all. It's the climate."

He lifted a tremulous hand and beckoned Sandy inside. A bottle of whisky stood on the table.

"Begad, it's I that am glad to see ye," he went on. "I'll take the next down-river boat that comes along. Ye'll get on all right here when ye're used to it. Help yerself."

The Reverend Sandy sniffed at the bottle.

"Irish!" he said accusingly.

"Yes," replied O'Riley; "I prefer it to Scotch."

"Mon," said Sandy solemnly, "Aw'm thinkin' ye're little better than a blasphemmer."

Nevertheless, he poured himself out a tot.

"Here's tae ye!" he said, and drained the glass. "And noo tell me about the country."

"What yez have to do," said O'Riley, "is to gain the confidence of the natives."

"Ye've done it yerself, I daresay?" asked Sandy.

"To a certain extent," admitted O'Riley. "Their confidence in my shooting is immense. Begorra, there isn't a man among them that'll come within fifty yards of the house without halting first and holding up his hands. That's always something gained. Ye shoot yerself? Well, that's a good thing. Ye'll need it. I'll leave ye the gun. I never want to see it again. I never want to see anything that I've seen here again. I'll change my clothes at the coast. Ye can have all I leave here."

"And what will that be?" asked Sandy.

"There's nearly a dozen of Irish whisky left," said O'Riley. "And there's a book with the names of some of the natives and the dates of their conversions. The last will be two years ago. I haven't hit it off with them since."

"And hoo will that be?" inquired Sandy.

"The gin gave out," explained O'Riley; "I had a couple of hogsheads. While it lasted, I was all right. Sure, they'd come as quiet as could be, the creatures, to ask for a drop. I taught a few of them to speak English just by making them understand that if they wanted anything they'd got to learn the word and ask for it. The first thing they asked for was gin; and the last thing they asked for was gin. And when there wasn't any more, they wouldn't believe it. Faith, I think they thought that as long as they asked for it I'd got the power to make it. Ignorant brutes! Anyway, they cut up rough. They'd have asked for whisky, only they didn't know the word, and I wouldn't let them have it until they'd learnt it. I was quite safe, for, as a matter of fact, they can't pronounce it. They haven't got a 'w' in their language—not one that sounds, at any rate. Well, good luck!"

He raised his glass, Sandy filled up again.

"Aw'm thinkin'," he said, "that ye werena' cut oot for a meessionary."

"And phwat about yerself, ye drawling Scotchman?" replied O'Riley aggressively.

"Come back here in three years an Aw'll show ye," answered Sandy mysteriously. "Here's tae ye. Aw'll tek nae offence fra a mon that's as far in drink as yerself."

A week later the down-river steamer arrived, and O'Riley departed, accompanied by the phantoms of several large and venomous serpents. Sandy watched him go.

"See what a mon will come to through drinking Irish whisky,"

[Continued overleaf.]



YET, A WASTE COAT.



THE OWNER OF THE DOOR: D'yer call this paint?

THE PAINTER: First coat, Sir.

THE OWNER OF THE DOOR: Coat! Coat! Why it ain't even a summer vest.

DRAWN BY A. T. SMITH.

he remarked sorrowfully. He set to work to gain the confidence of the natives.

His first step was to clear a space near the house and to make a small hole in the middle of it. In this hole he set a stick, and attached to it a small piece of red flannel cut from his chest-protector.

"Aweel!" he said. "Here's the home green. It's nae very much, but it's a beginning."

He was interrupted in his labours by the whistling of an assegai through the air. He jumped aside just in time. Then he beckoned towards the bushes from which it had come. A tall native, clad in a paper crown and a sheaf of assegais, came out cautiously. He had watched Sandy's particular form of ju-ju for some time, and had sent the missile at a venture. Sandy recognised the royal insignia.

"Come here, ye black heathen," he said, "and watch hard what Aw'm gain' tae dae."

"Gin!" said the native King.

"More better than gin. Much more better," said Sandy. He bent the iron head of the assegai until it roughly resembled a cleek. Then he dropped a ball on the green. With a precision born of long practice at St. Andrews, he put the ball in the hole. The native expressed his astonishment.

Sandy repeated the performance twice from safe distances, and each time with success. The King removed the sheaf of assegais from his shoulder and bent the heads of all of them. Sandy provided a ball, and for the next hour both were hard at work.

"You good man, bedad!" said the King, summoning O'Riley's English to his aid. "You teach good ju-ju, by the powers!"

"Plenty good ju-ju," replied Sandy. "Sit down and listen, ye benighted heathen."

"Hark tae me noo," he went on, "and try hard to understand me. Ye'll ken a graduate of Aiberdeen isn't gain' tae waste words on the like of ye. Can ye tell what Aw'm sayin' tae ye?"

"Beggorra, I can," said the King, listening with strained attention.

"Aweel, then," said Sandy, "to-morrow ye'll bring up all the men of yer tribe, and all the women as weel. Ye can leave the weans—they're too young to work, at any rate—at hame. Ye'll come here, and ye'll work hard, and ye'll drain four miles of this foreshore under my direction. And when it's done we'll hae more ju-ju. D'ye ken the noo?"

"Bejabbers, I do," said the King.

The next two months were happy ones for Sandy. The King was as good as his word. Nearly two thousand natives assembled and set to work. Sandy superintended. Twenty overseers were appointed, and furnished with whips made of snake-skin. They saw to it that there was no idleness. So did Sandy. He impressed upon the natives that "Satan finds work for idle hands to do"; and, in their ignorance of his real identity, they credited him with powers which he would have repudiated had he known of them. On the first day of the opening of the M'Bwonga Golf Links he played a match with the King, finishing on the last green seventeen up and one to play. It was a day of almost universal delight, the sole exception being a young man who had laughed when the King got badly bunkered in a sand-heap. They buried him with cannibal rites during the ensuing night.

A year later the Secretary of the mission came out on a tour of inspection. He was delighted at the general air of order and prosperity prevailing at Sandy's station.

"Well, Mr. Phairson," he said, "we hear good accounts of you at home. I am glad that you have acted upon my advice. Are you sure that you have quite gained the confidence of the natives?"

"Oue aye," said Sandy.

"And how do they principally employ themselves?" asked the Secretary.

"There's some is lookin' after the links," said Sandy thoughtfully, "and there's some making clubs. They're nae up tae the hame mark, but they serve the turn. And there's some is up in the woods getting rubber for the cores of the balls. We make a fair ba', ye ken. And there's ithers—the idle ones—has fled the country. But I mind ye said ye played. Ye'll be for a game, Aw'm thinkin'?"

The Secretary blushed.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "it was foolish of me, I know—for I did not expect civilisation—but I brought my clubs."

"Ye did!" cried Sandy joyfully. "Mon, Aw'll play ye and gie ye a stroke a hole. Come oot now at once and tak yer lickin' like a mon. Ye'll meet the King."

The Secretary hesitated.

"Ought I to meet his Majesty with golf-clubs?" he asked. "Would he not think it strange?"

"Think it strange!" said Sandy scornfully. "Mon, *he caddies for me!*"

THE END.



"'TIS WOMAN'S WHOLE EXISTENCE."

THE VICTIM (describing certain palpitations): At times I think it's the 'eart, and then I think it's spizms, and sometimes I think it must be the lodger upstairs.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



# THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

IT is not in London alone that they feel the shock of recent events. King Edward VII., like his successor, King George V., was devoted to the out-door life and was a keen shot; his visits to his friends took him all over the country at different times of the year, and when he was shooting there was nearly always some time of the day when the guns would be posted within sight of the public, who would be permitted to approach as closely as was consistent with the interests of sport. My own land runs well-nigh to the edge of the preserves belonging to a large estate over which the late King, when Prince of Wales, shot on several occasions. Within half a mile of my house there is a valley meadow lying between two woods. The birds are driven from one to the other in the morning and back again in the afternoon when their numbers have been reinforced by a drive that brings birds from a third wood to the second. King Edward had been heard to say that the valley meadow afforded some of the prettiest shooting in England, and his verdict is not surprising, for the flushed birds come over very high and very fast, and it needs a quick eye and a clever hand to bring them down. The allowance that must be made in even a moderate wind is surprising; while, when the wind is really strong, I have seen some of our best shots missing bird after bird. More than once a bird travelling at full speed and killed in mid-air has struck a tree branch by the wood's edge in falling and been picked up quite worthless for the table. King Edward when Prince of Wales was very popular in this part on account of his affability, and always found something kind and timely to say to the local residents who were presented to him by his host, a nobleman who does not shoot very often now, but in his day was one of the finest game shots in the United Kingdom. There are many old men in the neighbourhood who acted as beaters or stoppers when King Edward shot in this part, and can tell you stories of his keen interest and skill with the gun.

I have seen several kings among the pheasants and partridges, King Edward, the late Don Carlos of Portugal, the Kings of Spain and Italy, and several Indian rulers of high degree, but I have never seen a better shot than King George V., though the late King of Portugal was hardly inferior to him. I believe that King George put the finishing touches to his training on the grounds of a shooting school a few miles from Hyde Park. I went to the place in the

summer for a year or two to have some practice and some of the more obvious faults corrected before going up to Scotland for grouse shooting, and I remember seeing a portrait of our present King framed on the walls of the managing director's sanctum. It had been taken on the practice-ground. King George is not merely a good shot at driven pheasants—there is a knack in this work that anybody with a clear eye, a steady nerve, and abundant practice can master—he is equally at home with birds passing high overhead, and birds going away hard in front of the gun or coming straight at it over the butte

or hedges. The need for nerve in shooting pheasants will only surprise those who have never shot any; the trick is that when birds are being flushed too fast or some accident sends a bouquet over the guns, it is only the man with steady nerve who does not get flurried, who picks out his birds and does not bother about the rest, to whom the stream of flying things above means no more than two or three small marks consisting of head and neck. King George is a true sportsman. Not very long ago he was on a visit to the owner of a famous herd of wild cattle. He went out to see them in their own domain, the finest bull in the herd was pointed out to him, and he was offered a rifle and asked to shoot it. He declined to do so; he would not destroy the life of a noble animal merely to exhibit his prowess. For many years King George has opened the season on the Duke of Devonshire's grouse-moors in the beautiful Wharfedale country round Bolton Abbey.

King George V. will find ample occupation in the country if he proposes to continue his father's work at Sandringham. Londoners know their King as the leader of social life, the Colonies know him as head of a world-wide Empire, but the country folk know the King best as the practical farmer. The writer has heard old folks in Norfolk talk of our late King, not as the ruler of an Empire upon which the sun never sets, but as a winner of the Derby, and the owner of one of the finest herds of Shorthorns in the country. For them

these were claims to undying fame. They knew him as the country squire who took kindly interest in their needs and progress, and went about his estate like any other country gentleman. Nor are they likely to forget that King Edward spent the last days before his fatal illness at Sandringham inspecting the improvements with a complete disregard for the inclement weather. No man could have given greater evidence of his attachment to country life and a country house.



A "SNATCHER": THE HARPY EAGLE, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL BIRDS OF PREY.

The harpy eagle cannot be said to be as dangerous a creature as was the Harpy of Greek mythology, the "snatcher," the personification of whirlwinds, according to Homer. Yet it has claims to be feared. It is one of the most powerful birds of prey, and is somewhat longer than a golden eagle. It hails from South America.



USING ITS TAIL AS A CHAIR WHILE EATING: AN AUSTRALIAN GREY KANGAROO TAKING FOOD FROM THE HAND.

The position adopted by the kangaroo shown in the photograph must have been made familiar to many Londoners in a curious way, that is to say, they must have noted its adoption by the famous boxing kangaroo seen at the old Westminster Aquarium.



PATRONISING A LORDLY AND A LOWLY DISH: GIRAFFES IN THEIR TWO FEEDING-POSITIONS.

The photograph shows how a giraffe secures a meal when its food is at a height; and the curious position it takes (with front legs parted at an acute angle) when it is feeding from the ground.

Photographs by W. L. Beasley.



By HENRY LEACH.

**"The Dreadnought."**

I was sitting next to a charming lady at dinner the other night, and we had barely finished soup when she brought the talk round to the inevitable subject that for rest's sake I sometimes try to avoid at general or private gatherings, by asking me, "Do you use a Dreadnought driver?" "Why, ye-es," I answered with jerks and hesitation, "but really I was not aware that you were—well, you know—one of us, so to speak, a golfer, one of the elect, one of the lost, anything you like according to the state of your game, don't you know?" "Oh, dear me, no!" she replied. "I am keeping back from it, because I think one in a household is quite sufficient. But willy-nilly I am obliged to possess some considerable knowledge of the theory of the game, partly because Charles" (the lady's husband) "insists upon dinning it into me at every convenient opportunity, and partly because I have to find out little things on my own account so that I can give him ideas, talk intelligibly to him, and incidentally score heavily in many useful ways. See?" Oh, yes, I saw well enough. I have encountered

MISS LILY MOORE (OLTON);  
DEFEATED BY MISS E. GRANT  
SUTTIE IN THE FINAL.

this kind of thing before. Mrs. D. is a most charming lady of infinite tact, and she knows what is what. "Well, now," she said, "don't you think you might use Dreadnoughts rather lighter than ordinary drivers?" "Certainly," I said, "as a matter of fact I do, and so do some of the cracks. Maxwell, the amateur champion, for instance, who, though a man of great physique, uses a Dreadnought weighing only about twelve ounces." I explained that the shaft was so thin and the head so large that the lighter clubs felt as heavy as ordinary drivers that were an ounce or two more. She remarked that she had reckoned it

out in just the same way, and at breakfast next morning, when Charles would reopen the subject, she would point these things out to him.

**The Chief Feature.** I mention this chatter to show that not only all golfers know about the Dreadnoughts now, but that the club is known for something remarkable to the outside world, which is the true test of quality and greatness. Other new kinds of clubs have created a stir from time to time, but none of them has achieved the celebrity of the Dreadnought. Last year there were some people saying that even then the Dreadnought was doomed, and that the craze for it would have passed away by now. They said it was all wrong. A very few say so still. All these people have been misguided. For the most part they have seen Dreadnoughts which are not the real thing and are lacking in the most essential features of the new club. The makers

who imitated Ben Sayers in the first place seemed to think that the big head was everything, and so they just put very elephantine heads on to stiff shafts, which was ridiculous, though there are still some of these things about. I can see no virtue in them.

The essence of the Dreadnought is the whippy shaft—with the whip all the way up from the head to the grip, and so much of it at the top that you can feel it plainly inside your hands as you grasp the club. The big head is chiefly there for balancing and steadying purposes. To get the right result, the club has to be fashioned and completed with extreme care as to detail and knowledge of the governing principles. Other people may now be able to make them, but I have examined alleged Dreadnoughts by scores of other makers and have never found any at all like the originals. Sayers has some secrets of his own, especially as to the shafts.

MISS NEILL FRASER  
(MURRAYFIELD); BEAT-  
EN BY MISS LILY MOORE  
IN THE SEMI-FINALS.**The Easy Swing**

Now this year, so far from having gone out, the Dreadnoughts are more the rage than ever. Everybody has got one, is trying to do so, or is thinking about it, and so many of the very best amateurs have become converted at last, much against their will, that there is nothing more likely than that the amateur championship will be won by a player using one, as was the case last year. These clubs are not specially well suited to those players of the modern school who have short swings and hit tremendously hard, something after the way in which the batsman hits at cricket—"cricket hitters" the golfers are often called. When this kind of thing is done with a Dreadnought control of the club is lost, and the player never seems to know where its head is at any particular moment.

The results are distressing, and the cricket-hitter determines that Dreadnoughts are not for him. But it would generally be quite a

good thing for this player if he gave up his lunging, and swiping, and cricket-hitting, and made a new easy swing for himself that would accommodate the Dreadnought: he would find his style a much better thing to look at and more efficient. If he really made up his mind to it he would get into this new style in a very few days. The majority of players would do so much sooner. What they need to realise thoroughly at the beginning is that the Dreadnought is not like any other club they have ever handled, and that it needs a much slower swing than any other. Perfect timing is everything. When it is once mastered, there is a delight in playing with this club, such as can be gained from no other part of golf. The feeling when you accomplish a well-hit tee shot is just heavenly. You close your eyes and sigh

MRS. TAWMORTH (BURNHAM);  
BEATEN BY MISS E. GRANT  
SUTTIE IN THE SEMI-FINALS.

THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT WESTWARD HO! THE WINNER; AND THE PLAYERS IN THE SEMI-FINALS.

Photos: Sports and General.



THE NEW LADY GOLF CHAMPION: MISS E. GRANT SUTTIE, THE SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL PLAYER AND A MEMBER OF THE SUNNINGDALE CLUB.

Miss Suttie beat Miss Lily Moore, of Olton, in the final by six holes up and four to play. She won her match in the semi-final by seven and six.



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## The Exhaust Evil.

In response to a question lately preferred by Mr. Watt to the Home Secretary in the House of Commons, asking whether the regulations for motors within the Metropolitan area included penalties for the issue of smoke from the exhaust, Mr. Winston Churchill replied to the



MAN'S FLIGHT AND THE FRENCH SALON: "LA COUPE D'AVIATION" SHOWN AT THE PARIS SALON.

Photograph by Branger.

effect that outside the Royal Parks no power existed for legal proceedings against drivers of motor cars for the emission of smoke due to any temporary or accidental cause. As a matter of fact, Mr. Watt's question was unnecessary, for this inability to inflict punishment for an offence which to-day can only be ascribed to careless design or careless conduct has long been a matter of common knowledge. Therein, however, is no reason for the failure of the Legislature to impose penalties without delay. A smoky exhaust is a scandal and should be prevented. English automobile engineers have spared no pains to reduce the evil, and have succeeded to such an extent that, properly tended, no good-class British car smokes to-day. The offenders are, as a rule, cars of foreign origin; indeed, with one particularly favoured make smoking is said to be essential to proper lubrication. This nuisance should be put down with a heavy hand.

## Aeronautical Research.

It would appear that excellent work may be done in the cause of Aeronautical Research at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington. At the head of the Laboratory is Dr. T. E. Stanton, D.Sc., who is already responsible for the utterance of much interesting and valuable information on wind pressures, and machinery of a most ingenious character has been installed at Teddington for testing wind pressures, screw thrusts, the tensile strength of fabrics, pressures on planes, &c. A whirling table for testing propellers and two wind towers sixty feet in height have also been installed. "The Aero" quotes a statement made with reference to the Advisory Committee, which seems to suggest more red tape influence than is quite desirable in an undertaking of this kind. The Minister said that it was not the function of the Committee to initiate, but to consider what is initiated elsewhere, and—is referred to it by the executive officers of the Navy and Army construction departments. In the reference I seem to perceive a rift within the lute. Only those who, with inventions and proposals of infinite value to the nation, have eaten their hearts out in War Office ante-rooms will be able to appreciate the import of this passage.

## French Wisdom.

The French Government are always keen to enlist the national assets in the service of the country. Had the War Office at Whitehall done what the French Minister of War has so wisely done, in making Louis Paulhan, a French mechanic, without the veneer of St. Cyr, or the glamour of the Polytechnic, a lieutenant in the French Army, we should have expected the resignation of the permanent staff and the disappearance of the Horse Guards or some other like catastrophe. Prompt to see what may be of infinite service to the nation, the French Government are making good use of the gifts the gods have sent them, and will make the earliest use of the phenomenal abilities of the greatest aviator the world has yet seen. By his example, his *élan*, and his courage, Paulhan will very shortly have an aviatory following in the French Army which will put that country in possession of an aerial contingent likely to exert a most salutary quelling influence in quarters from which trouble might be expected. And what have we done and where are we? Grahame-White, Rolls, Grace, and others, who, if not altogether Paulhans, are yet as good as here and there an aviator abroad, what encouragement have they received from our authorities? One of them has, I believe, been allowed to make them a present of an aeroplane for training purposes.



A MEMORIAL OF A PIONEER AVIATOR WHO GAVE HIS LIFE FOR THE ADVANCE OF THE NEW SCIENCE: CAPTAIN FERBER ("M. DE RUE"). Our illustration shows a bust of the late Captain Ferber, which has just been exhibited in Paris. It will be remembered that Captain Ferber, who was one of the most brilliant of the pioneers of aviation, met his death whilst practising on a Voisin biplane at the Boulogne aviation week last September. Captain Ferber was an officer in the French army, and his experiments in aviation were carried out under the pseudonym of "M. de Rue."—[Photograph by Branger.]



KING GEORGE AS MOTORIST: HIS MAJESTY ENTERING HIS CAR.

King Edward favoured the motor-car on many occasions, as did our present King when Prince of Wales, and as will our present King in the future. Our photograph is typical of King George's use of the car. It shows His Majesty leaving a football-match.

Photograph by Topical.

## Earl Russell Speaks Out.

Earl Russell will always be found striking a blow for automobilism when opportunity affords. His Lordship spoke very much to the point when in the Upper House he lately drew attention to the oppressiveness of the taxes laid on small cars by the Budget, just become law. To-day motoring is spreading downwards with great rapidity, and small cars are selling in greater numbers than ever before, and in view of the fact that the motor car is the only vehicle directly taxed for the upkeep of the roads, the lack of consideration accorded to the power section of the motoring community shows a great lack of appreciation of the situation by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Earl Russell drew attention to the fact that, simply because motorists were a minority of the community, and had not made their voices properly heard, they had these burdensome taxes thrust upon them and had not received justice at the hands of the Government. No trouble had been taken to learn the views of the industry, for up to the present moment the humble request of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders to be heard on the matter had not been vouchsafed a reply.

# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

**Ascot.** Owing to the lamented death of King Edward VII., one of the best sportsmen that ever lived, the Ascot meeting this year will be a very tame affair, and it can safely be predicted that the attendance will be far below the average. It is over a dozen years since I agitated in the *Sketch* for tunnels to be built under the race track at Ascot to keep the crowd off the course. I am very glad to hear that a tunnel has been built opposite the cheap stand, and other improvements, including a fully equipped hospital. The race track was never better than it is at present, and the going will be perfect by the time for the meeting to be held. The handicaps have obtained good entries and the sport promises to pan out well. Unfortunately several horses hold several engagements at the meeting, and it is always difficult to compile anything like a reliable list of runners. There will be a large number of motor cars at the meeting, but I am told that the nobility often prefer to hire for race meetings in preference to running the risk of having their own motors damaged in the crowd. The roads are to be dressed, which will get rid of the dust nuisance. The ride down to Ascot by motor is one of the prettiest to be found anywhere in the London district. It is, too, a capital road for cyclists, who do not fail to take advantage of it at race times. Of course a large number will go to and fro by train each day, and it must in truth be told that the meeting is well served by the London and South-Western Railway, while the South-Eastern also run trains to Ascot, and on Cup Day, strange as it may sound, the station is under the authority of the latter company. The cheap tickets issued by the railway companies of late years have helped to fill the cheap stand on the course.

**Maher's Record.** D. Maher has been riding in England for eleven years, and during that time he has ridden over one thousand winners. It will be remembered that in 1903 he was out of the saddle for some months, owing to a serious motor accident which befell him when riding from Gatwick Races. Maher is certainly one of the finest jockeys riding in England at the present time, but I do not think he is any better than Sloan was when the latter was at his best. Sloan was a marvel on bad-tempered horses, and he won on several animals that would not even gallop for some of the other jockeys. Sloan never attempted to ride close finishes, and his backers seldom got a

fright. On the other hand, it must be admitted that Maher has in his time ridden some remarkably fine races, and he has managed to win when it looked any odds against his mount at the distance. Maher is a good all-round sportsman, and he is very fond of hunting in the winter, and is often out with the hounds in the Midlands along with his friend George Williamson, who rode Manifesto to victory in the Grand National. Maher, by-the-by, has a unique riding record under National Hunt Rules. He has had one mount and one winner. He rode Dafila in a hurdle race at Kempton Park. It is said that Maher is to receive nearly £5,000 for riding Neil Gow in his races this year, so it will be readily seen that his income is of huge proportions, and he must be a rich man, as his expenses are nothing out of the common. He is a good skater and is very fond of curling and tobogganing, while he enjoys a night at the play.



AERIAL PUSH-BALL: MEN OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (BLUE) PRACTISING THE NEW GAME THAT WAS TO HAVE BEEN SEEN AT THE ROYAL NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

King George, expressing what he felt would have been King Edward's wishes, issued a special notification inviting places of entertainment to open as usual, except, of course, on the day of the funeral of the late King. He did this knowing that the closing of theatres and similar houses would mean a great loss to individual workers. The Military Tournament, however, has been postponed. The most novel sporting event arranged for the Tournament was that for which men of the Horse Guards (Blue) are here shown practising. The ball, which is filled with gas, has to be knocked through such goals as the one shown in the photograph with the aid of wands. When it touches the ground, it is picked up with racquets.

Photograph by Clarke

who follow the bad old plan of waiting until the end of a meeting before filling their cards, make very little progress. In the Midlands and the North we are told it is necessary to keep the Selling Races for the second day open until after the first day's

**Enterprise.** It is about time that clerks of courses arranged to fill their programmes and issue the order of running a week previous to the date for the meetings to be held. One thing is certain. Those officials who have adopted this plan have found it successful, while the old-fashioned people racing has taken place, to get entries from among the opening day's runners. But this is childish, as owners could by my plan be induced to enter their animals on both days on the off-chance. Racecourse programmes, as I have always contended, should be run on the same principle as playbills. The public should be told what to expect if they part with their money, and I hope the time will come when all runners will have to be declared overnight, by which plan the public will know each morning what the strength of the sport is likely to be. I am certain this would do a lot of good to the Park meetings in the London district, and it would save money for the silly backers who dabble in doubles and trebles on the course.



CROSSING THEIR PALMS WITH SILVER: KING EDWARD THROWING SOME COINS TO GYPSIES WHILE ON HIS WAY TO A RACE MEETING.

Photograph by Sport and General.

The one aim of some of the racecourse managers seems to be to get owners to enter their horses, whether they run them or not. Touting for entries is not a good thing for the race-going public.



# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**"The" King.** It was an extraordinary tribute to his universal popularity and world-wide importance that Edward VII. was always spoken of as "the King." This was most marked among Americans, so that in listening to a group discussing English affairs, one might have imagined oneself back in the early days of George III. There are many Kings in Europe, but Edward was easily first. Just as the words "the Kaiser" mean the illustrious and remarkable man who rules the German Empire, and not the Emperor Franz Josef, so Edward came, immediately after his accession, to be known as "the King" in all parts of the civilised world. Enjoying wonderful good health and spirits as a rule, in his three illnesses the late King made an indelible impression on the nation. In 1871 the Thanksgiving on his recovery was a national event, and no one will ever forget the dramatic suddenness of the postponement of his coronation: the King-Emperor lying on the operation-table while the streets were gorgeous with embroideries and festal garlands, and thronged with people who had come to do him homage from all quarters of the globe. Again, in his passing away, in harness, and attending to the very last to affairs of State, there is that vivid drama which makes History enthralling. The ruler of a sixth of the earth's surface died on English soil, in the throbbing heart of the Empire, in his London palace, at work till the last conscious hour.

**King Edward's  
Good Humour.**

In a civilisation where we often find ourselves bored to tears, at any rate when we have to undergo its "pleasures," it was a lesson in good humour and good manners to observe King Edward. He might look tired, but he never permitted any signs of *ennui* to appear on his countenance. Royalty, to be sure, always wears a kind of mask, but incidents sometimes happen in which the regal mask must slip aside, and show the human being underneath. An incident occurs to me during which his Majesty remained imperturbably good-humoured, although he was visibly ill and fatigued. It was at a great charity concert last season at the Albert Hall, to which came the King and Queen and many Royal Princesses. In the middle of the concert a great prima donna suddenly declined to sing to the accompaniment of the piano on the platform, and another one had to be fished out of those lower depths where musical instruments and suffragettes lie *perdu*. Bit by bit, but with interminable delay, the piano was discovered, and made its appearance, grotesque, dusty, and dismembered, through a trap-door, where it was painfully put together by nervous carpenters. To the audience, it seemed as if this ridiculous interruption of a great *fête* would never end, and it lasted over fifteen minutes. During the whole

ludicrous affair the King never for a moment looked bored or annoyed. It was an object lesson to his subjects in courtesy and good-humour.

**A Queen of Hearts.** The new Queen is deservedly popular, and from the moment of her *début* as the Princess May of Teck she seemed to take hold of the popular imagination. She was perhaps the most elegant girl in Society, for, though far from blessed with a superfluity of wealth, she was—possibly owing partly to her Austrian parentage—extraordinarily *chic* and meticulously neat in her dress. She attires herself in a style of her own, and never alters the dressing of her hair. She has thus become the arch-type of the neat, carefully-groomed, tailor-made Englishwoman, while her evening gowns are made in the Court fashion and never incline to the untidy and "artistic." Queen Mary—I wish she could have retained her better known name of "May"—will undoubtedly lead the fashion in English dress, just as King Edward set the modes for men, not only in England, but all over the world. The silly extremes of Fashion will never be worn by the new Queen, who shows innate good taste in every aspect of her life. Queen Mary, it is known in inner circles, has quiet, intellectual leanings, and is especially fond of pictures, reading, music, the drama, and the intellectual side of travel. Nothing pleased her better than to slip away abroad, *incognito*, with a single lady-in-waiting, and to explore some interesting town. When I was in Prague a year or two ago, she was running about that most picturesque of European capitals, quite alone, and unrecognised. The Princess of Wales had come to see the city where her ancestress, the daughter of James I., once reigned over Bohemia as Queen of Hearts.

**"The Princess  
Royal of  
England."**

The lovely, fair-haired childwho, only last week, was romping on the sands of Broadstairs with her little brother, is now, by a sudden stroke, Princess Royal of England. This regal maiden has been brought up with the utmost good sense and simplicity, and with a nice eye to the domestic economies. She can sew and cook, and has, like so many other children, a Savings Bank account of her own, and is often to be seen at

the St. James's public post office, near Marlborough House, entering her small savings over the counter. The whole family of small people are, by the consent of those who know them, delightful in their naturalness, kindliness, and simplicity, and nothing impressed M. Loubet more, when as President of the French Republic he visited London, than the spectacle of this vivacious and chubby group perched on the wall of Marlborough House to welcome him as he drove into St. James's Palace.



A BLACK SATIN COAT AND SKIRT SKETCHED AT ERNEST'S,  
185, REGENT STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### With Sober Steps and Slow.

The way of our walks is altered now. We go about in sombre garb and our talk is of solemn things. The best in us is probably to the fore, certainly the brightest is not. We have a terrible tradition about death that will take years and years to live down. A great deal of the gloom and sadness has gone, but still we miss the triumph note through it all. We talk as if all were over for the beloved, when really it is only over for us and our little remnant of life. We have not yet got to the rights of things, but we shall. Solemnity has largely taken the place of the awful gloom that was so morbid and unhealthy. Time will come when, like the glorious and immortal death-music in Siegfried, the triumph *motif* will override all else. Solemn and triumphal are the real themes—solemn because we are left behind, triumphal for the passing of the beloved to greater, grander things than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

### His Favourite Flower.

King Edward's favourite flower was, with great appropriateness, the English rose. He loved to see roses massed as if they were growing in gold or silver dishes. A good old English rose, with its beautiful shape and rich, delicious perfume, always appealed to him. For a buttonhole violets or carnations were his favourites. The Queen-Mother loves roses, but lilies of the valley are her favourite flowers. King Edward ordered them to be cultivated for all seasons at Sandringham. There was nothing he did not think of and do to please his handsome and graceful Consort. One of his last visits was to her Majesty's kennels, the inmates of which knew him almost as well as the Queen.

### Four-Legged Friends.

Queen Alexandra has taken to her heart Caesar, the late King's canine friend, a dear, sensible, wire-haired fox terrier. Her love of animals is such that no special recommendation was needed by Caesar, but, for his dead master's sake, he is assured of his Royal Mistress's affection. It is told of her Majesty at Sandringham how, in spite of all respectful suggestions that a huge Russian Borzoi favourite was rather clumsy for a lady's boudoir, she would have her big pet up in her rooms. All went well until a walk was mentioned. The big beauty began to jump about and violently wag his tail. With every sweep, ornaments, flower vases, photographs disappeared off the tables, and the Queen and Princess Victoria, divided between laughter and consternation, managed to get him out where there was room for the big tail to wag freely.

### The Beauty of Black.

Apart from the fact that just now black is in consonance with the solemnity of our feelings and with our regrets that a Sovereign to whose presence among us we were so accustomed has passed from our mortal ken, it is really a beautiful hue. English women look very well in it. It is specially stylish, and in it are some lovely materials. Of course, it is now a question of getting quite the smartest models copied in black. Of these, the dresses made all in one, the bodice part and the deep hem of rich transparent embroidery, are the favourites. The sleeves are cut kimono like, but not kimono size, in one with the bodices. They reach to the elbow, and thence are under-sleeves to the wrists of white lace, tulle, or net. This season, before there was a ghost of an idea it would be one of mourning, dead white lace and tulle and net for these little finishing touches of dress had replaced cream colour and ivory-white. Another type of dress that is in favour with the tall and the slim is the long tunic, tightened in above the hem. These are of black net or chiffon, and are very pretty and graceful, more so, I think, for the house than the street, where they appear to impede free movement.

### Ethereal Black Coats.

With the bitterly cold north-east wind that has scourged us it seems almost cruel to write of ethereal coats. We want them of fur as badly as we did in the winter. Still, with Whitsuntide past and all the poor holiday people having had their cobwebs violently dissipated, and many been given colds in the head instead, we may begin to hope that the nor-easter's wicked will has been sufficiently worked. The cachet of Court mourning for outdoor wear will be handsome coats that are designed rather to keep us cool than warm. One of these that I much

admired was of jetted trellis, very fine and quite light. Over this was an embroidery in floss silk and oxydised thread of clematis. It was in lines climbing up the side seams of the coat and bordering it at the hem and up the fronts. The sleeves were also handsomely finished with embroidery. Another coat is of oxydised silver tissue, the trimming of black silk cord, and it is lined with silver, black and white chené gauze. Coats of grey and black gauze will be very smart in appearance. These are embroidered in silver and jet.

### Wearing of Flowers.

During months when colour must be absent from dress, there is no doubt that it will be seen where it is allowable in clusters of natural flowers. In deep mourning the Queen-Mother has been wont to wear roses, carnations, and lilies tucked into her dress, bodice or coat, more even than when she was wearing colour. The fashion of wearing a flower cluster in coats has been with us through the winter, when the blooms were more often simulated than real. Now that the summer and the sunshine and the flowers are at hand, real blossoms for dress wear both in day-time and the evening will be in great demand. Flowers seem the proper complement of grief. Their brightness is enhanced by its darkness, their richness by its dullness; there is a mysterious union in the contrast.

## A NEW NOVEL.

Mr. Meek's story ("George Meek, Bath-chair-man," by Himself: Constable) is devoted exclusively to himself. He tells us how he was raised in poverty near Eastbourne; of his early situations (and they were legion) in that town; he relates his experiences of London life, which deal chiefly with homes of refuge and charity organisations; he describes his abortive attempt at farm-labouring in the Rockies, and his speedy return to Eastbourne and temporary registration work for the Liberals. Mr. Meek's personality in the shape of this rolling stone finally fell to bath-chair-work, than which he declares there is no more demoralising occupation. "If you would know the horror of black despair go out with a bath-chair day after day, with landlord worrying you for rent, food needed at home, and get nothing." Mr. Meek is always getting nothing and being worried. He finds most work oppressive, and owing to constant elopements from his places in youth he was incapable of any skilled labour. Once he loved and was loved, but it got no farther than spending hours locked in the Beloved's arms as they sat in his grandmother's poor room, their love-making not untouched by grandmotherly resentment. He criticises Shakespeare, and cannot for the life of him see what there is wonderful in him; Scott and Thackeray he "cannot stand anyhow"; he oscillates between Agnosticism and Calvinism, and he claims kinship with Mr. Wells in Socialistic dreams, but he is unequal to providing the modest home that a Beloved needs. He has had relations with

a number of other women, with one of whom his banns were published. But she jilted him, and when he hears afterwards that her health failed her he congratulates himself that he lost her. He can speak of a workhouse and a prison interior. But all is now well with him, for Mr. Wells has incited him—George Meek—to write this history, and Mr. Wells himself, in a new rôle of fairy godfather, finds the "stark simplicity of literary greatness about him," "that he is full of the spirit of God," and—though this is perhaps anti-climax after such appreciation—asserts "Meek would have made a very passable and quite unusually expressive peer." "I think he is nobler than most peers." Mr. Wells so boisterously declaims himself a Meekite that, were the earth his to give, evidently these are the Meeks who should inherit it. But "the Kings of England and Portugal," as Mr. Meek observes, will continue to pass to the City between waiting throngs, and the Meek millennium is afar off yet.

From the staves of the colours of the Infantry and the guidons of the Cavalry there float now long strips of crape. The drums are cloaked with coverings and the trumpets of the Cavalry are also shrouded in black. The officers wear a crape band round one arm. It was the order of his late Majesty that all mourning in the Services should be simplified as much as possible. Of the two flags carried by all Infantry regiments except Rifles one, the King's colour, typifies the homage of the regiment to the head of the army. The other, the regimental colour, typifies the honour of the corps, and it is but right that both loyalty and *esprit de corps* should go into mourning when a Sovereign dies.



SUITABLE FOR COURT MOURNING: A DIAMOND CORSAGE ORNAMENT MADE BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

During the period of Court mourning, diamonds and pearls will be very largely worn, they being the recognised and most appropriate stones to wear at such a time. A large and varied stock of pearl and diamond jewellery is offered by the Parisian Diamond Co., of 85, New Bond Street, 143, Regent Street, and 37, 38 and 43, Burlington Arcade.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 25.*

## MARKET PROSPECTS.

THE general depression that settles over Society upon the decease of a crowned head is naturally reflected in the markets of the Stock Exchange, and the death of so universal a favourite as our late King can hardly be expected to prove any exception to the ordinary rule. People ask what difference it can make to the value of stocks and shares, and why such an event, however sorrowful, should have an unfavourable effect upon prices. The answer is simply that the Court and general mourning puts an effectual check upon circulation of capital. It stops, in the present instance, the brilliance of what was to have been one of the most brilliant seasons ever known. Instead of activity there is dulness, if not actual idleness. The disposition to buy, spend, invest, is damped down, and it will take six months for the markets to regain the elasticity and freedom that are the outcome of plenty of orders from the public.

## CONSOLS TO BUY.

We remember some years ago seeing the broadsheet of a weekly newspaper proclaiming in largest type: "The Chance of a Lifetime," and on wasting a few pence to see what The Chance was, the reader was gravely begged to buy Consols and Colonials! Now, if it was The Chance of a Lifetime then, what about a purchase of the same securities at the present time? It seems a little ridiculous to suggest buying a stock which only moves—with insignificant exceptions—in one direction, but there is no doubt that many old-fashioned, Three per cent. investors, are looking more kindly at the Funds than they have done for quite a long time. The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Lloyd George's crusade against land and landowners has thrown a very substantial bar across the investment of capital in this particular security. Solicitors, estate agents, and others are loud in their declaration that their clients will not touch land at any price. The money must go somewhere. Consols pay 3½ per cent on the capital invested and the stock is regarded as safe from depredations other than that of the income-tax. Hence the public are coming to look more kindly upon Consols, and in view of a possible easing in the money market, perhaps the profit scalper will do better as a bull than as a bear in this market.

## THE CANADIAN BOOMLET.

Started by a shortage of shares caused by people selling old shares and buying new, the rise in Canadian Pacifics proved useful to holders of other Canadian descriptions in drawing attention to the remarkable development which the present season will witness in the Dominion. Confidence in Canadian enterprises can be allowed to rest peacefully, for the end of the autumn is likely to show that its faith has been fully justified. The traffics of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk are excellent, and Canadas may be safely held for 200 dollars a share. Grand Trunks can usually be relied upon to move on the same plane as Canadas, and the ordinary stock is a good gamble. But Hudson's Bays present, it seems to us, the attraction of offering the most fruitful possibilities, and even the small investor is likely to do well in purchasing a share or two at anywhere near the current level.

## FOR INVESTMENT.

By offering the new Brazil Lloyd 4 per cent. bond at 90 and making it redeemable at par within twelve years, drawings to commence six years hence, the success of the issue was immediately secured, and it is not surprising that the bonds were snatched up like the proverbial hot cakes. At 2½ or 3 premium the bonds must still be accounted cheap, and when the price settles down, after the "stags" have been cleared off, it will probably be quoted about 95 fully paid, and, even so, provide a good investment of the class. Another has been noticed by those who have watched how good the Mexican Railway traffics are, and who have therefore been buying 8 per cent. First Preference Stock of the Company at about 138. The yield is little short of 6 per cent. on the money, and the price, barring such accidents as Mexico is known to be prone to, will go to the vicinity of 150. We would rather buy this than the Second Preference, although in the market some of the authorities profess to see Mexican Seconds at par before very long. If seconds go to 100, the Firsts will be 150 for certain.

## THE RUBBER SHARE MARKET.

It is to be hoped that the recent shake-out in the Rubber share market may check the mad speculation in these shares, which had reached a dangerous height. The rubber industry is a perfectly sound and at present a highly prosperous one, with no greater degree of risk than is involved in other tropical industries, which are liable to fluctuations due to climatic causes, as well as to variations in the price of the product. All the well-managed Companies such as have been recommended in this column will make very large profits during this year, and for the next two or three years probably, but, beyond that it is not yet possible to foresee the future. The output of plantation rubber in five or six years' time will be enormous, and no one is in a position to say how far consumption will increase to meet the supplies, but it should be remembered that there are no real grounds for the assumption made in almost every rubber prospectus that the price of rubber can never fall below about 3s. or 2s. 6d. a lb. On the contrary, the price of rubber will undoubtedly fall *in time* to such a price as will allow it

to be produced at a minimum of profit: the only question as to which, as I have said above, there are no real data, is how long it will be before the lowest possible price at which it can be produced at a profit is reached. In the meantime all the old Companies will reap the advantage of the high prices which are likely to be maintained for some years, and when the time of stress comes will have the double advantage over the new Companies of producing more per acre at a lower cost. I would therefore repeat the advice, which I have previously given to your readers, to hold on to their shares in the sound Companies, and to avoid as a rule investing in Companies which are already quoted at a high premium although they can produce little or no rubber for several years to come: above all, unless they have special information, they should avoid the shares of Companies which have been floated in the last two or three months, as, although there are sound ones among them, they are decidedly in the minority. If I am asked which are the best among the older Companies, it would take too long to answer this fully, but any of the following are at any rate very good, and probably worth their present price. Among Rubber Companies: *Batu Caves, Bukit Rajah, Federated Selangor, Pataling, Linggi, Seafeld*, and the *Rubber Plantations Investment Trust Co.*; among Tea and Rubber Companies: *Anglo-Ceylon and Ceylon Tea Plantations*. Q.

P.S.—It might be profitable for your readers to bear in mind that there is a cocoanut "boom" in progress as well as a rubber boom: the prices of cocoanut products are enormously higher than they were a year ago, and many shrewd people are of opinion the rise must continue. Those Companies which have a large acreage under cocoanuts in bearing are reaping a very large profit per acre: among such Companies I may mention the *Vai D'Or Rubber Estates*, which has nearly a thousand acres of cocoanuts, which should provide a large revenue.

## AS SPECULATIONS.

We frequently advise our readers never to take tips. We are going to record a few market tips now. Market tips are worst of all. *Verb. sap.*

They tell us that Steel Common will be on a 6 per cent. dividend basis before the year's out. When the dividend was raised from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent., a week or two back, the price went down. However, it has recovered since, and is talked to 100. Another tip is to buy South Eastern Deferred. The stock has risen pretty considerably, but "they" say you can still buy Dover "A." If Dovers, we would ask, why not Great Eastern, which pays a dividend and is not over-valued? Stocks, however, are not always popular as speculating counters. Oil? Kerns are very well spoken of. Mines? West Africans, we are told, are to be reinstated as a live market within the next three months. Kaffirs? Randfontein Estates, and merely as a gamble, Wanderers amongst Rhodesians.

## AFTER THE RUBBER BOOM.

Various little side-lights begin to appear as the outcome of the rubber boom, now deflated. Some of them are worth considering.

\* \* \* \* \*

Provincial Stock Exchanges will benefit largely by the boom, because the London jobbers have been so busy in rubber that they perforce had to let some of the other business slide, and brokers sought "the country" in order to get their orders executed. This kind of thing is very easy to start and very difficult to stop. Country brokers will bless the rubber boom, apart altogether from the business it brought them in rubber shares.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some of the leading brokers in London are audibly growling at the way in which jobbers made needlessly wide prices in the boom, and then declined to deal at all when the slump fell. Margins of one and three pence, or more, between the buying and selling quotations for shares standing at a pound or so are certainly difficult to defend when the man making those prices is running an easy book in them.

\* \* \* \* \*

The "marked prospectus," so eagerly in demand in the middle of the boom, proved a snare and delusion to those who came in at the finish, and who applied for more shares than they could take up—or, as it turned out in some cases—sell at any sort of premium.

\* \* \* \* \*

Several other batches of Special Settlements will have to be cleared off before the financial atmosphere is sufficiently transparent to encourage the hope of a rise in Penny Bazaar shares. Brokers are beginning to find out who are the safe customers in their swollen *clientèle* of rubber buyers, and until the swarm of "Specials" has been further reduced, there will be little chance of any real revival.

\* \* \* \* \*

So quiet and dull has the rubber market grown of late that certain of its more recently imported jobbers are returning to their former haunts. Not all of them, by the way, have made money.

\* \* \* \* \*

A broker received a letter ordering the purchase of several odd lots of Rubber shares—47 of this, 92 of that, and so on. He took the trouble to scrutinise it carefully, and, his suspicions awakened, he showed it to a few friends. They found out that it came from one of the most notorious of the Heads-I-win-tails you lose brigade, and the giving of the order in odd lots was evidently done with the object of causing the broker to suppose that it was a pure investment order!

\* \* \* \* \*

Numbers of people seem to have applied for shares in various companies issuing £1 shares, under the impression that they were

writing for florin shares. The gentleman who intended to risk fifty pounds in applying for five hundred shares, and then found, on receiving a full allotment, that he was liable for £500, is well known in many brokers' offices.

#### THE OIL HANDBOOK.

While volumes innumerable have been poured upon the market dealing with rubber, there has been a strange dearth of reference books urgently required in these days of oil booms. At last our good contemporary, the *Financial Times*, has issued a most handy and useful little book under the above title and at the popular price of one shilling net. The book is exactly what many of us have been looking for, and we, no less than our readers, are, or ought to be, sincerely thankful for its appearance.

The volume begins with a short but pointed introduction dealing with the present centres of production and the need for the development of further sources of supply, and this is followed by a concise summary of the various oil-producing companies known to the London market, giving the directorate, capital, offices, latest balance sheet available, and the highest and lowest price of the shares. The companies are arranged irrespective of geographical position in alphabetical order, so that no index is necessary. A series of useful sketch-plans is included giving the lands held by some of the companies upon well-known oil-fields, and as the first available and handy book of reference the volume is sure to find a ready sale and be a boon to those speculative investors to whom the oil boom is proving of great interest.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,  
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

**ANXIOUS.**—We do not think you need be worried. The firm through whom you have bought the shares is highly respectable, and you will get them in the end Press for delivery.

**N.B.**—The company is very disappointing, and the market for shares is very limited. You had better hold on.

**SOUTH AFRICAN.**—We fully expect that Kaffirs will go better this year.

**ERA.**—(1) A wild cat of the worst; sell if you can. (2) Not much better. (3) A sound company which will not be producing for a couple of years. Your selections have certainly been unfortunate, and show lack of ordinary discrimination.

**E. P. V.**—The new Brazilian loan is, in our opinion, a sound investment.

**NOTE.**—In consequence of the holidays we are obliged to go to press early, and must ask the indulgence of correspondents whose letters are not answered.

**MAIKOP AND EASTERN.**—The Maikop and Eastern Oil Company, which was floated recently, had the newest Russian oilfield mainly for its sphere of operations. The directors took a proper course in despatching accredited Russian agents in its interests, but they were likewise fully alive to the great potentialities of other oilfields, and especially those of the Red Sea regions. The whole of the subscribed capital in shares of 2s. at par was, apart from preliminary expenses, available for working, and as a trust and investment enterprise considerable profits are said to have been made already for the shareholders. The shares are still, however, at the bed-rock price of only about 6d. premium, and within the next month or so they may see a considerable appreciation.

**AFRICAN FREEHOLD COAL LANDS.**—The price of these shares has advanced to 5/9. The Company's backers say this is, however, only the beginning of their upward movement, and that negotiations are on the point of completion for sale by the Company of some of its properties at a price equalling its whole capital. The colliery is, of course, to be reserved. This alone is supposed to be worth more than the present market valuation of the shares, without taking account of the other parts of the estate. A further rise is therefore possible.

**ROM TYRE AND RUBBER CO.**—As was stated in our issue of the 4th inst., the Dunlop Rubber Company has already recognised the great advantage which should accrue through the possession of its own estates. The Rom Tyre and Rubber Co., taking a like course, has acquired a virgin rubber estate of over 12,800 acres on the Gold Coast. The concession, the promoters estimate, will prove worth more than double the capital of the Rom Tyre Co., which is £50,000. The fully paid £1 shares have at present a market valuation of about 30/-. The new development is, however, to the advantage of the Company, and the shares are expected by those interested to improve in price.

#### RACING TIPS BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Lingfield, I think Lady Erica will win the match with Sporting Pictorial; Black Sea should capture the Felbridge Welter; Senseless the Outour Plate; and Modena the Sackville Handicap. At Bath, Satyr may win the Beaufort Handicap, and Relish the Doddington Handicap. At York, Rathlea may win the Great Northern Handicap; Envy the Craven Handicap; and Pequot the Glasgow Handicap.

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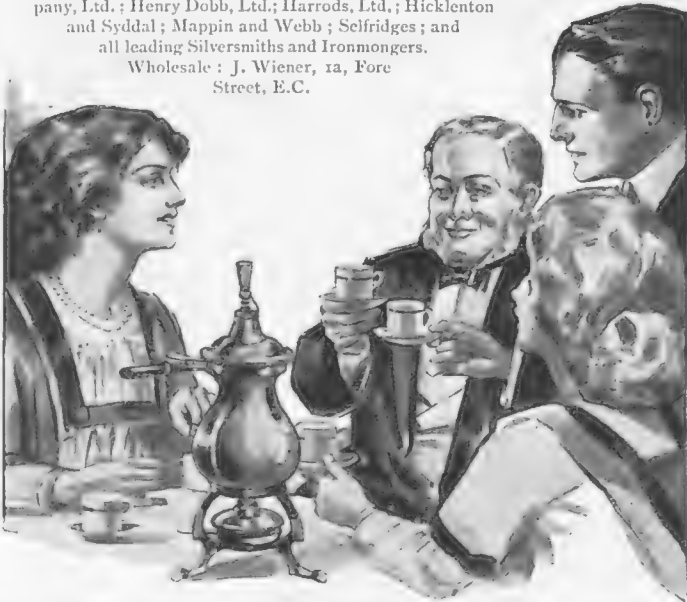
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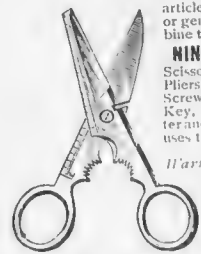
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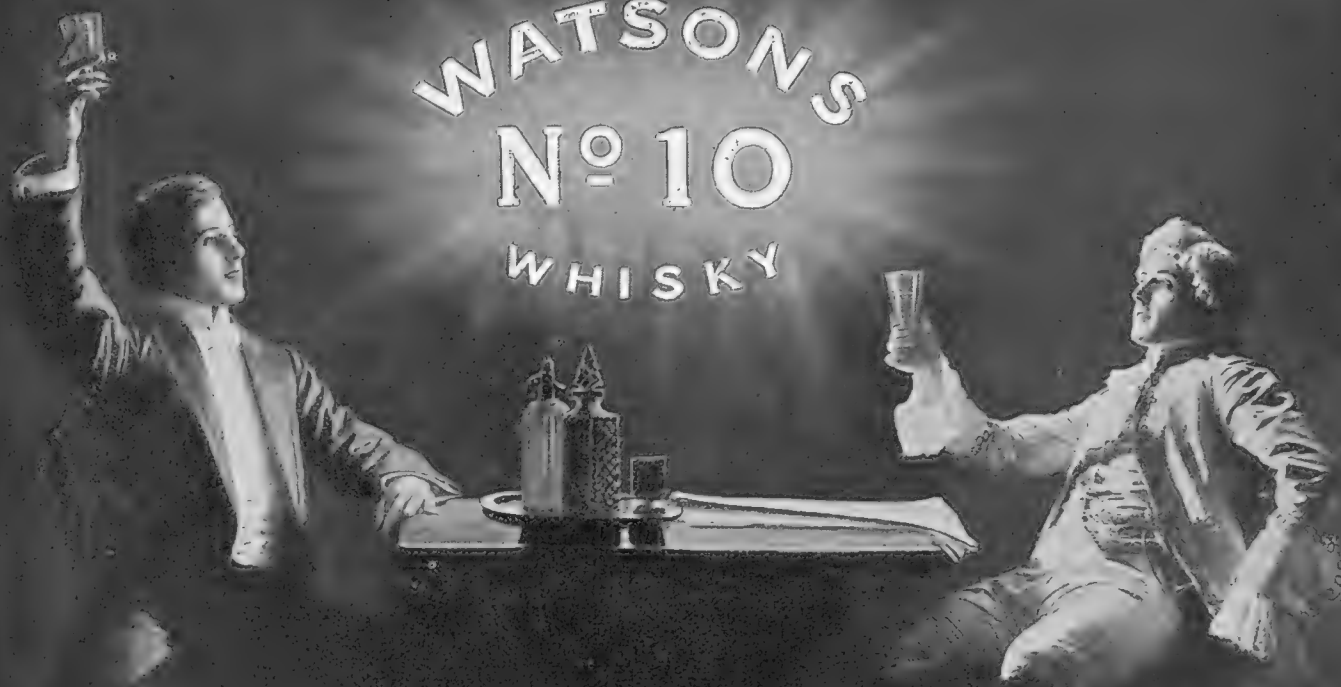
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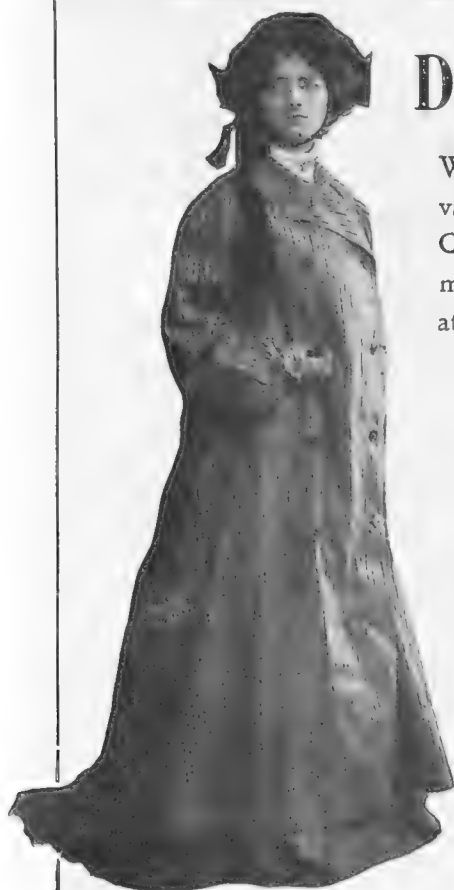
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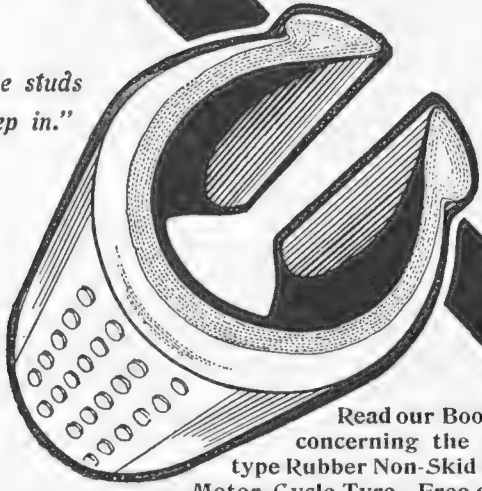
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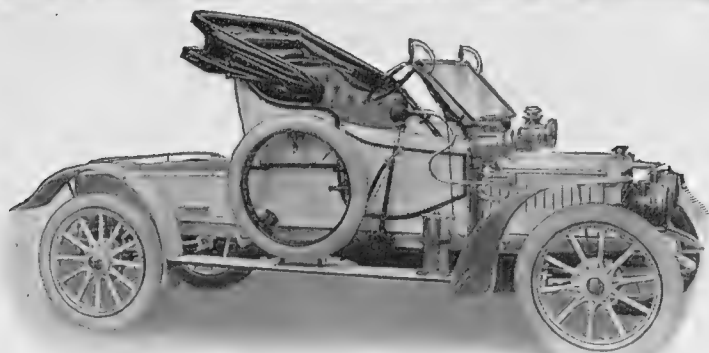
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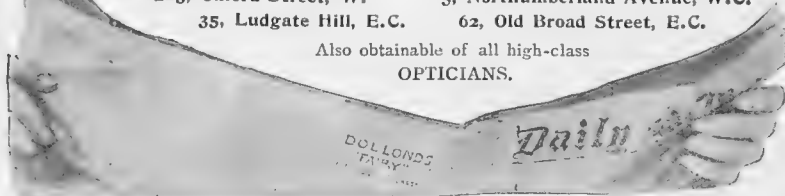
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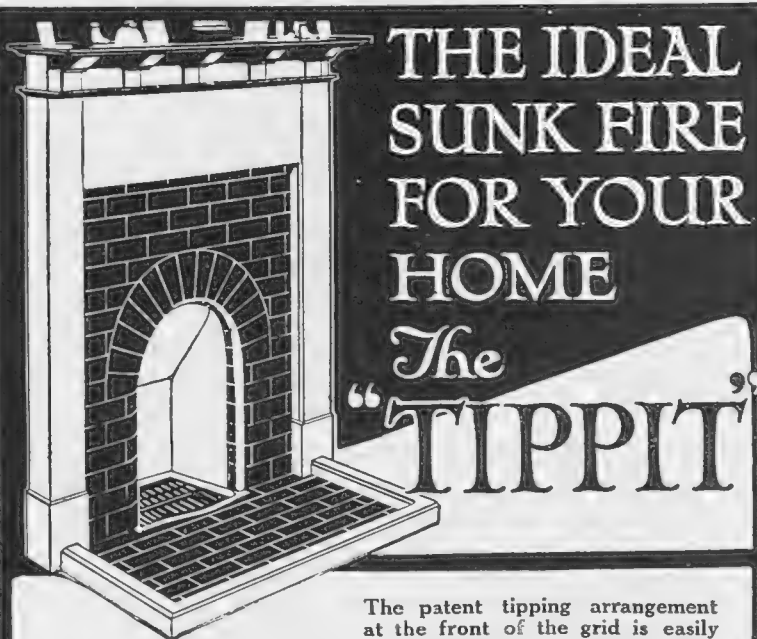
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## THE WHEEL AND THE WING

(Continued).

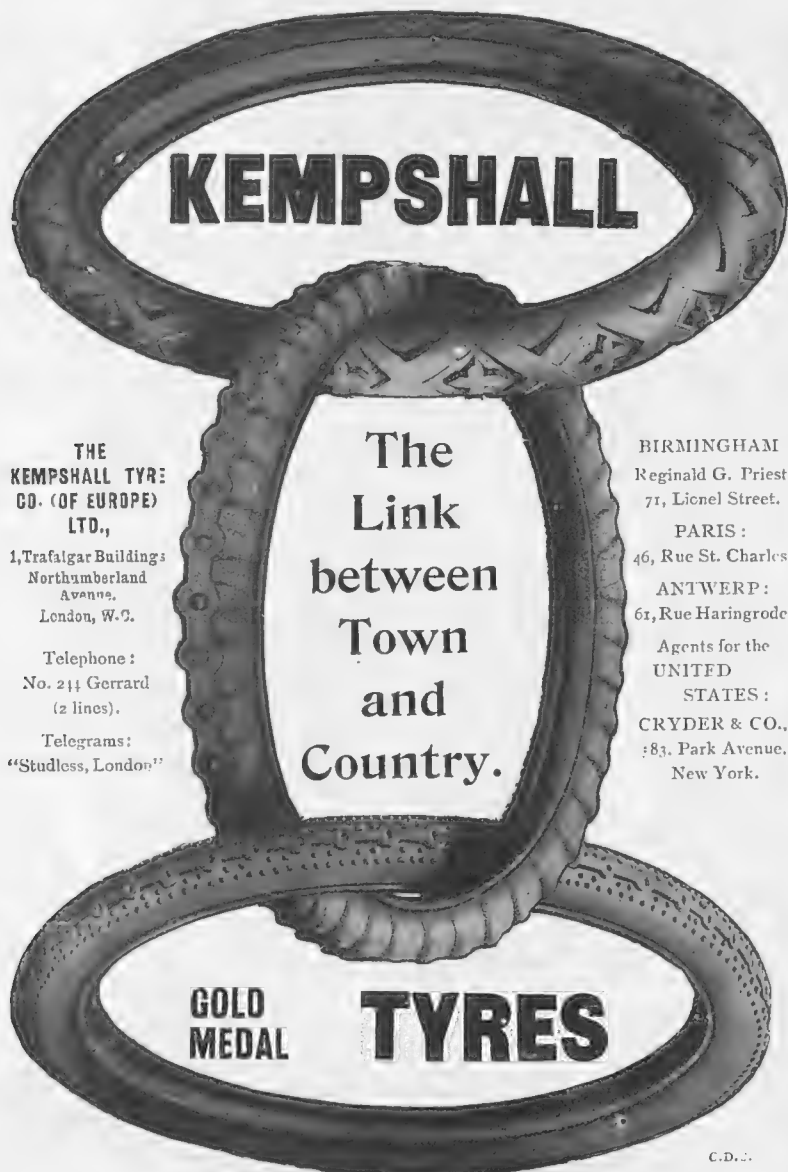
**Quiet Non-skids.** Many motorists have a strong objection to the somewhat distressing "skirring" noise made by the running of steel-studded covers on macadamised roads. And yet so keen is the dread of side slips and skidding that, after searching for the quietest car, and after makers have spent untold sums in endeavours to arrive at that desirable consummation, we are perforce obliged to wreath our wheels with skid preventatives which set up an irritating and nerve-racking disturbance. Of course this disappears if smooth-treaded tyres are adopted; but who will take the risk even for the sake of peace and quietness? But there are patterns of rubber treads which, while as noiseless as a perfectly smooth tread, yet give a grip of greasy surfaces sufficient to remove all apprehension of catastrophes. One is the Skew Non-Skid, by the Skew Non Skid Tyre Co., of 35, Cavendish Street, W., the sides of the thick tread of this tyre having deep wedge-shaped incuts askew to each other, which I am assured by a six-months' user give as much on greasy and greater hold on dry surfaces than steel-studded treads. And, as I have already said—noiseless!

**A Napier for a Fireman.** It has often occurred to me that the leading officials of our London Fire Brigade should be provided with more rapid means of reaching the localities of great fires than the comparatively slow-moving fire engine or brake. This has of late evidently been borne in upon the sometimes much abused London County Council, or its Fire Brigade Committee, for I learn with interest that a two-seated 15 H.P. 4 cyl. Napier has just been provided for the use of Lieut. H. Spencer, the Chief of the Head Fire Station at Kennington. This car, which is kept in constant readiness with an engineer in attendance, carries a two-seated body provided with a specially folding seat behind for the accommodation of an extra man, and has also a fire bell similar to those now used in lieu of the fireman's lungs as heretofore. I

congratulate the L.C.C. on their modernity, and trust that the swift driving of this car through the London traffic will prove an object-lesson to the public.

**The Road Board.** Automobilers will view the appointment of Sir George Gibb as Chairman of the newly-formed Road Board with something like mixed feelings. So far as automobilism goes that gentleman is an unknown quantity, and may even regard the motor highways of the future from the point of view of tube railways, from the influence of which he will assuredly have some difficulty in cutting himself adrift. But if uncertainty reigns with regard to the Chairman, much satisfaction will be felt in the fact that the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B., the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland and President of the Scottish Automobile Club, and Sir C. D. Rose, Bart., an ex-chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, have been named members of the Board. I feel sure we shall not find either Sir John or Sir Charles acquiescing in any wild-cat schemes for the formation of new motor roads until every effort has been made to bring the existing highways to a condition consonant with the necessities of modern motor traffic. But the most important official, to wit, the Secretary, has yet to be named, and in the best interests of automobilism particularly, and the community generally, it is to be hoped that a man of energy and resource, one who has been concerned with this movement from its inception, will receive the appointment.

**Sevenoaks Meeting Postponed.** At the request of the Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck, G.C.V.O., D.S.O., brother-in-law of King George, the Sixth Provincial Meeting of the Associated Clubs, which was arranged to take place at Sevenoaks on Saturday, 21st May, has been postponed *sine die*. It is certain that the club's compliance with its Royal Chairman's request will meet with the sincere approval of all members and associates alike. It would be particularly unfitting to pursue such a function within a few hours of the club's late august Patron being laid to rest.



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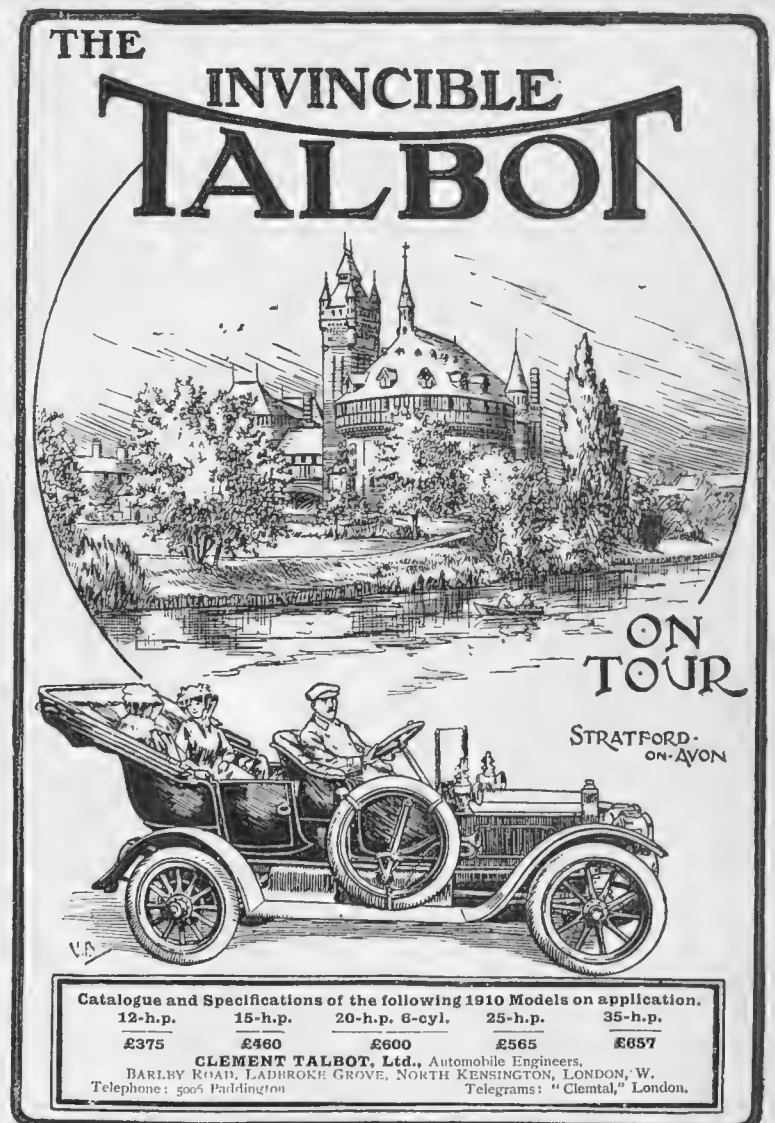
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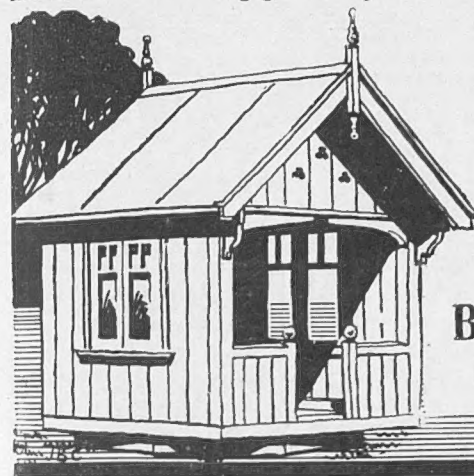
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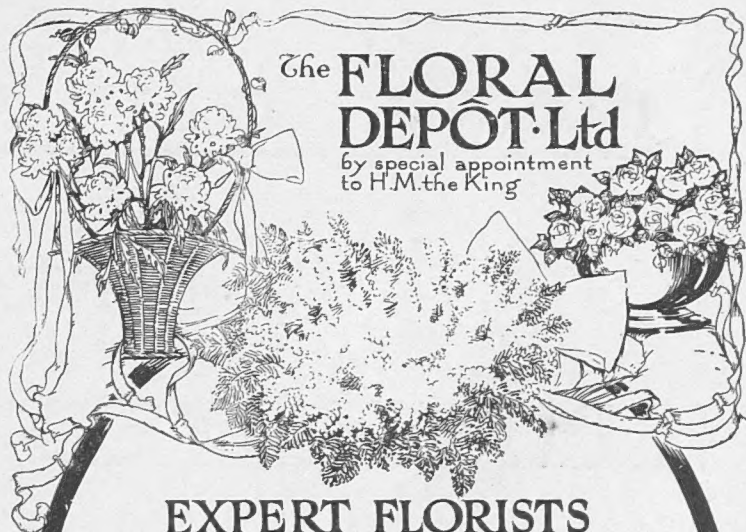
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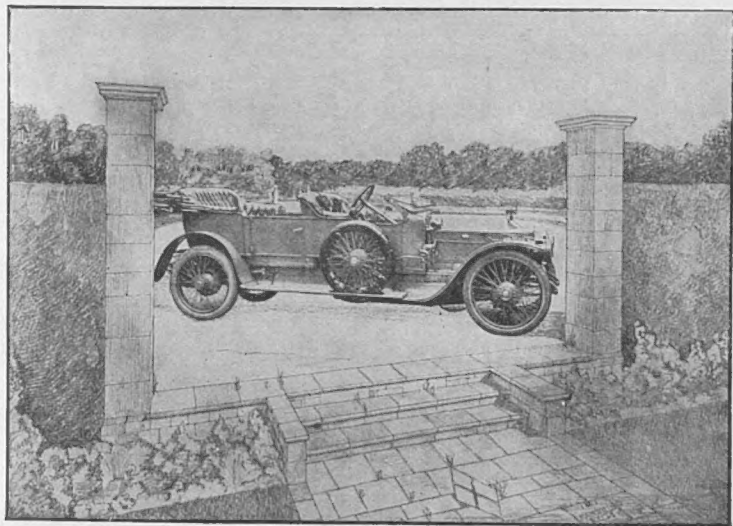
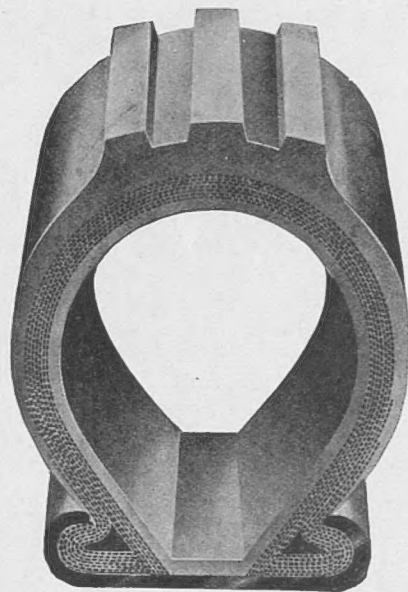
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## MOURNING AND SOCIETY.

THAT we are deprived for ever of the genial, kindly, and withal kingly, presence of King Edward VII. is a blow that we recognise as most severe. It will in no way prove helpful to bear it to make the worst of it socially, and stop all functions and all innocent and recognised amusements. Already in the very infancy of his reign has our new King shown us his mind clearly on this subject. Quite well he knows that his people mourn, but he does not wish them to suffer. While as a matter of feeling we are in mourning, that mourning is not to be either dull or dowdy.

**Looking Forward.** Next month is full of fixtures that all call for smart clothes. There is the wedding of Miss Margaretta Drexel and Viscount Maidstone, on the 8th of June, in St. Margaret's, Westminster, an event of keen interest to American and English society. There are to be nine bridesmaids, and the Bishop of London will officiate. Next day, in the same church, Viscount Wolmer, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Selborne, will be married to the Hon. Grace Ridley, only unmarried sister of Viscount Ridley. Later in the month, after Ascot, there will be Viscount Acheson's marriage to Miss Mildred Carter, another event of absorbing interest to English and American people. The Japan-British Exhibition will be in full swing. Ascot will be a rallying place of the smart as usual. The Royal Enclosure will be available for the privileged, but the Royal Pavilion will be closed. The International Horse Show will also be an occasion for the assemblage of all Society, our own and many representatives from abroad. The great Shakespearean Costume Ball for the Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre, arranged for the 27th of June at the Royal Albert Hall, is of a national significance, and it seems that there is no reason why it should not take place. The scheme has the sympathy of the Royal Family. It may be that the Committee will change it to a Fête or Sale.

**What Must Be.** Dancing there will be, through the season. There can be no balls for Royal personages, quite erroneously called Royal balls. It is, however, sure that the young people will not be deprived of this amusement. It is one at which the late King dearly liked to watch the youngsters and the young

married people enjoy themselves. He approved of his young officers dancing, and he revived it as a modish thing and saved it from the disfavour into which it was falling in the eyes of the golden youth of the early part of his reign. The dancing season is robbed of much of its *éclat*—that is inevitable; but the whole spirit and life are not knocked out of it. Where there is youth and vigour there must be amusement. It will earn no commendation from the bereaved and mourning Royal family to be pessimistic and stop all cheerful enterprise.

**Colour Gone.** The order for general mourning was, perhaps, in one sense superfluous. The public have mourned spontaneously and instantaneously, and out of their own right feeling have abstained from colour. Unrelieved black will be worn by many until June 17 (the official date), when black and white, grey, purple and mauve can all be used for half mourning dresses, coats and skirts, and millinery until July 29, when the period of public mourning ends. There is a difference between complimentary and obligatory mourning. If obligatory mourning be assumed, it may not be put aside. Complimentary mourning is frequently doffed for a day, a wedding, games of golf, a fancy-costume fête, a coming-of-age, or for any other special occasion. It is unwritten etiquette, a part of the good manners fortunately still left to us, that if we move in Court circles while the Court is in mourning, black must be our wear. There must be many days when those most intimate with members of the Royal *entourage* will not meet them, and on which black can be laid aside.

**Busy Modistes.** Save for the fact of having purchased coloured models, the modistes have small reason for complaint. They are hard put to it to get through the immense amount of orders tumbling in to them for fashionable up-to-date black clothes for women who must be out and about, and must also look smart. English women look well in black and wear it well. Many have worn it on the smartest occasions for choice during several Seasons past. Style can be infused into a sombre costume as infallibly as into one of colour, while the same is true of millinery; and it is further true that black hats prove generally most becoming. There is no economy in mourning now-a-days. As many black and as many half-mourning costumes are required for a Season such as we have entered upon as for one of undulled prospects.

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